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THE NATION

NOVEMBER 13, 1972 *50 cents*

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FORSAKING DEBS FOR NIXON
A CALL TO AMERICAN SOCIALISTS
MICHAEL HARRINGTON

CONTINENTAL BOSSISM
COMMON MARKET: THE POWER TRAP
RONALD SAMPSON

CONGRESSIONAL STRADDLE
DOVES FOR THE PENTAGON
HARLAN H. VINNEDGE

Kenneth Rexroth on Joseph Needham

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LETTERS

German lesson

Hamburg, W. Germany

DEAR SIRS: We Americans would do well to take a lesson from the West Germans on how to conduct an intelligent and civilized election campaign. The deception, maneuvering, sabotage and Madison Avenue manipulation of the masses characteristic of our campaigns are nearly absent here. For example, the other night on West German TV, during prime evening time, incumbent Chancellor Brandt and Foreign Minister Scheel appeared with the leaders of the opposition, Barzel and Strauss; for an uninterrupted hour the four men fielded questions from journalists and debated the most important campaign issues with one another. Millions of people watched this give and take, and the next morning all the papers reported it in detail. . . . Germany's top political leaders will take part in two more such TV programs before the elections on November 19.

Can you imagine Nixon and Agnew sitting with McGovern and Shriver for an hour on *Meet the Press* or *Face the Nation*? The fact that such a scene is inconceivable speaks volumes about the low level of American political life today. *Carl Goldberg*

by way of amends

DEAR SIRS: *Nation* readers can do something important in Indochina. We can send medical supplies directly to the victims of our ferocious bombing in North Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia. Thus far, antibiotics, quinine, surgical instruments, local anesthetics, mass-vaccination syringe guns, medical and scientific journals, and many other urgently needed things have been sent by air to Hanoi. Send your contribution to Medical Aid for Indochina, 474 Centre Street, Newton, Mass. 02158. . . . *Howard Zinn*

the stuff of change

St. Petersburg, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: In *The Nation*'s October 9th editorials, Carey McWilliams ["Into the Stretch"] asserted, "Precisely because there is 'something dirty about Washington these days,' Nixon is the ultimate issue in the campaign"; and Richard Long ["Nixon: the Only Issue"] echoed with, "Nixon's return to the White House must be frustrated. . . . There is a slim chance that this can be done if Nixon can be presented as the amoral conniver he is."

Many of the activists of the last decade will not follow your course of action. Their decision is to break with both major parties because of the certainty that neither party will lessen the powers of the Presidency; that, in fact, the present abuses of power are fostered and perpetuated by the two-party system; and that every serious attempt by a Republican or Democratic candidate to end the war or to mitigate the social injustices and economic inequalities of our society will be sabotaged by the withholding of funds and/or avalanches of propaganda (not to mention espionage) by wealthy political patrons who profit from present arrangements. This decision arises from a determination to build political alternatives. It is not indifference or apathy or naive politics; it is the determination that built the civil rights movement and the anti-war movement. It is the "stuff" from which change will come! *Nancy Brasket*

Louis Fischer

DEAR SIRS: I am a doctoral candidate of history at Tulane University and seek assistance in locating the private papers and other documents of Louis Fischer, a Moscow correspondent for American newspapers in the 1920s. My address is 913 Carondelet Building, New Orleans, La. 70130. *Allen Johnson*

EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

Footnotes and Postscripts

Election Day will have passed by the time these paragraphs are read and there is little point to further discussion of issues, but perhaps a few footnotes and postscripts can be added to the record of these weekly comments. Historians of the campaign will want to insert a reference to Democrats for Nixon, headed by John Connally, the phoniest of the many phony committees of this campaign. Jack Nelson, of the *Los Angeles Times*, discovered after careful digging that the committee received at birth a $700,000 loan from CREEP, which is of course financed, staffed, and run by dues-paying Republicans from the top down to secretarial and janitorial levels. The balance of funds raised came, almost to the last dollar, from rich Texas Republicans. Aside from the few innocent and not-so-innocent Democrats who permitted their names to be used, the committee was simply an adjunct of CREEP. It is doubtful if this transparent silliness deceived anyone. It cost about $1.5 million.

Historians may also note an odd quality to some of the pro-Nixon newspaper editorial endorsements. Several of these—one in particular in the *Los Angeles Times*—seemed half-inclined to endorse McGovern until the last few sentences. Few pro-Nixon papers had a kind word to say about the President. The publisher of another paper was shown an editorial endorsing Nixon and asked what he thought of it. "Not much," he said; "Nor do I" said the editor. But it ran. James M. Cox, Jr., scotched the idea of editorial autonomy on his eight newspapers by ordering them to support the President—the first time, it is said, that he has interfered in this manner. Even the *Atlanta Constitution* toed the mark and came out for the Republican nominee. But it was too much for at least one Cox editor: Gregory S. Favre, of the West Palm Beach (Fla.) *Post-Times*, resigned. Another Cox editor, Sylvan Meyer, of *The Miami Times*, announced that the paper would endorse Nixon but that he would support McGovern in his column. On the *Constitution*, the editorial staff was divided.

On the other hand, John S. Knight, editorial chairman of the Knight Newspapers, announced that he would not vote for Nixon or McGovern, but that the papers in the chain were free to indicate their preferences. The Akron *Beacon-Journal*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Charlotte News*, *Macon Telegraph* and *Tallahassee Democrat*, all endorsed Nixon. The Philadelphia *Daily News* and Coral Gables *Times* supported McGovern. The *Charlotte Observer* did not indicate a preference. Mr. Knight told me that reader mail was running about 9 to 1 against the pro-Nixon position taken by the five papers named. It was too early to get mail reaction to the pro-McGovern editorials. About 70 per cent of the mail he had received deplored his "no vote" stand.

The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* of October 24 carried its publisher's statement endorsing Nixon but, on the same page and with equal prominence, appeared "Presidential Choice: A Dissenting View," which was known to reflect

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the views of several members of the editorial board. That is good journalism. The obvious fairness of the procedure should enhance the paper's credibility, as the conflicting views must have added to the interest of the editorial page. Is the "voice" of a paper merely the voice of its publisher? Aren't readers entitled to know the opinion of the editorial board whose members have been imparting wisdom to them, day after day, on a whole gamut of issues, over the four-year period preceding the election?

* * *

Another footnote for historians: L. Patrick Gray III's discovery in the last week of the campaign that the FBI has been keeping dossiers on Congressional candidates for the last twenty-two years. Gray, director pro tem, learned of the practice by chance, when he got wind of the fact that his agents had been making inquiries about John M. Ryan, Democrat, running against Republican Rep. Charles A. Mosher in an Ohio district. One might have thought that Gray, by way of boning up for his new job, would have read Max Lowenthal's fine study, *The Federal Bureau of Investigation*, first issued in 1950 (the year the FBI began keeping the dossiers) and recently reissued by Greenwood Press. Gray has now ordered his agents to cease and desist, and perhaps—it is still not clear—the files will be destroyed.

This action might seem to imply that Gray is determined to keep the FBI out of politics, but *Time* points out (November 6) that the FBI had been used in "an unprecedented way" when, at the request of Presidential aide John Ehrlichman, twenty-one of its field offices were ordered to prepare data which would be of use to the Nixon campaign in handling the law-and-order issue. Ehrlichman concedes that the request may have been indiscreet.

Paid "citizen" advertisements are often interesting in Presidential campaigns. Most of those that I have seen have been dull, but one deserves a footnote: "An Open Letter to the President from a group of alarmed businessmen, law school deans and professors, and religious leaders" which appeared in *The New York Times* of October 29. The text is brief and merits quotation:

Mr. President:
We are increasingly disturbed that you have not yet an-

Gavel Awards

Twice in 1971 *The Nation* published articles that won Gavel Awards, given by the American Bar Association to magazines and other media "in recognition of a distinguished contribution to public understanding of the American system of law and justice."

The articles so honored were:

Misleading the Presidents:
Thirty Years of Wire Tapping
by Athan G. Theoharis (June 14, 1971)
and
Vengeance or Hope?
Due Process Behind Prison Walls
by Justice Mathew O. Tobriner (October 18, 1971)

Back issues containing these essays may be ordered from this office at 60¢ each.

IN THIS ISSUE

November 13, 1972

EDITORIALS

450

ARTICLES

454 Forsaking Debs for Nixon: A Call to American Socialists — *Michael Harrington*
456 Continental Bossism: Common Market: The Power Trap — *Ronald Sampson*
463 Amin's Uganda: From Dreams to Brutality — *Stanley Meisler*
466 Congressional Straddle: Doves for the Pentagon — *Harlan H. Vinnedge*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

468 Needham: Science and Civilisation in China; Clerks and Craftsmen in China and the West; The Grand Titration; Within the Four Seas — *Kenneth Rexroth*
469 The Satrapy; Body, Remember . . . (poems) — *C. P. Cavafy*
Translators — *Edmund Keeley & Philip Sherrard*
470 Popular American Propositions — *William Saroyan*
471 Moore: Reflections on the Causes of Human Misery and Upon Certain Proposals to Eliminate Them — *Todd Gitlin*
472 Return (poem) — *Richard Ryan*
474 Films — *Robert Hatch*
474 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
476 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*
476 Beyond the Wall Covered with Morning Glories (poem) — *Diane Wakoski*
477 Music — *David Hamilton*

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1972 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 215
No. 15

The Sherrod Library
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swered recent allegations of illegal and unethical activities involving your Re-election Committee, high White House officials and former Cabinet members.

Our concern goes beyond party politics. Regardless of party, it is imperative that all Americans retain confidence in the integrity of the electoral process.

The charges of political espionage and sabotage—of a nature and degree unprecedented in our history—have been reported in detail by several of the nation's most responsible publications. Such charges go to the heart of the democratic process.

Only you can put these charges to rest. We call upon you to ascertain the facts, and to issue a full statement disclosing what role, if any, was played in the reported activities by members of your Cabinet and White House staff, or other government employees; and by members of your Re-election Committee, past or present. The people have a right to know the truth before they go to the polls.

If the charges remain unanswered by the President of the United States, the damage done to America, its spirit and institutions, may be irreparable.

The signers included: the Rev. John B. Sheerin, editorial board, *New Catholic Worla*; Leon Green, University of Texas; the Rev. Canon Walter Dennis, Cathedral of St. John the Divine; David Cavers, Harvard Law School; Mr. and Mrs. David Rockefeller, Jr.; Maurice N. Eisendrath, president, Union of American Hebrew Congregations; Dr. John C. Bennett, Union Theological Seminary; George Cabot Lodge, Harvard, and other distinguished Americans.

There was no public response from the White House. Even a fine two-part CBS sequence on the sinister Watergate caper, which concluded that a secret fund of $1 million or more had been raised from "undisclosed sources for undisclosed purposes"—"a shadowy treasury for shadowy purposes"—met with vague general denials and a failure to respond to requests for interviews. Clark MacGregor, who headed the Committee to Re-elect the President, did admit that those with access to the fund included Jeb S. Magruder, former White House aide and now deputy director of CREEP; Herbert L. Porter, the committee's director of scheduling; G. Gordon Liddy, one of the defendants in the Watergate indictment, former White House and Treasury aide, former counsel for CREEP, and John Mitchell. The CBS series stressed the indecent haste with which funds were rushed in and out of Washington as the deadline for reporting contributions approached. Some of the funds were flown in by jet. Later, funds were sent to Luxembourg and Mexico to be "laundered." Despite general denials, CBS concluded that enough was known to indicate the existence of a plot to disrupt a national election. Regardless of the outcome, a charge of this character cannot be swept aside; the investigation must continue.

Final footnotes: best pro-McGovern speech of the campaign was that by Eunice Kennedy Shriver, speaking in Pittsburgh, as reported in the *New York Post,* October 31. One of the best news reports of the campaign was the *Philadelphia Inquirer*'s fine story, October 29, of the way in which the First Amendment was suspended in Philadelphia when Nixon spoke at Independence Hall, and Mayor Frank Rizzo demonstrated that you need not crack skulls to impose an ironlike repression by massive police action and careful planning. It was, one observer noted, "like a scene out of *Z*." This story should have been, but wasn't, widely reprinted. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Trudeau's Cliffhanger

Toronto

Pierre Elliott Trudeau may succeed for a time in clinging to power, but after the unmistakable rebuke he received from the Canadian electorate on October 30 his Liberal government is on its way out. As things now stand, Robert Stanfield's Conservatives are in a tie with the Liberals (each has 109 seats), with the New Democrats, Canada's Social-Democratic Party, holding thirty seats and the balance of power. Constitutional opinion on whether Mr. Trudeau should stand aside or try to carry on is divided. In any event, there will be another election soon (probably within a year), and this is almost certain to give Mr. Stanfield a mandate.

Mr. Trudeau's setback was personal. He chose to make himself the issue in the election, counting on the high, almost mystical, regard the voters were supposed to have for him—or at any rate that the polls said the voters had for him. "The Land Is Strong," his ads kept intoning. Meanwhile the Conservatives kept pointing to the way the government had made a mess of unemployment and immigration. And the New Democrats—more visible than ever before—punctuated their campaign with a series of Nader-like exposés of corporate irresponsibility and the cosy partnership between Big Business and the Liberal government.

One place where Mr. Trudeau did not lose seats was in Quebec, where instead of insisting that the land was strong, he campaigned on the more credible theme that he had increased French-Canadian power in Ottawa. The Conservatives, on the other hand, lost ground; they won only two of Quebec's seventy-four seats in their poorest showing ever. Such results are bound to add to the estrangement Quebec feels from the rest of Canada. Doubtless the most elated politician in Quebec right now is René Lévesque, the leader of the provincial separatists.

The question of U.S. control of Canada's economy and natural resources was seldom raised by the contending parties, but as an issue, or rather national preoccupation, it is still very much alive, especially in English-speaking Canada. Paradoxically, the very shakiness of the next government in Ottawa, whether Liberal or Conservative, will strengthen Canada's hand in the bargaining over bilateral trade and resource-sharing agreements that lies ahead. No minority government will be able to make the concessions in the Canada-U.S. auto pact that John Connally so abrasively demanded before the election. Nor can the State Department or the big U.S. oil companies expect the new government to make good on a Liberal campaign promise to help finance a huge pipeline project in the valley of the Mackenzie River that would tap Canadian oil and gas for U.S. markets. Meanwhile, a recently elected New Democratic government in British Columbia has served notice that it intends to nationalize the provincial telephone monopoly, which is now controlled by U.S. interests. There will be some bitter bargaining ahead. S. A. LONGSTAFF

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The Big Myth

If the proposed nine-point settlement, which a Hanoi radio broadcast forced the Administration to disclose before the election, is finally signed, people everywhere, with the exception of Thieu and some of his cohorts, will heave a sigh of relief that the slaughter has ceased, at least for the time being. The obvious shortcomings of the published terms do not constitute a reason for rejecting the settlement, and no such inference is here intended.

But at the same time we should not be blind to the big myth, or lie, that is implicit in Kissinger's revelations. With perfectly straight face, he asks us to believe that not until a precise moment on October 8 did it become possible to work out an acceptable settlement. Indeed, he testily rejects the notion that the published terms could have been negotiated at any time after Nixon's inauguration almost four years ago. But that is what the facts make evident.

Nixon said he had a plan to end the war; he had no plan, as we now know, so he stalled. He escalated the war, extended the area of fighting, tried to undercut the peace movement with mass arrests, Presidential defamation, grand jury probes and phony conspiracy indictments. When his favorite semantic gimmick, "Vietnamization," and the policy it represented were knocked into a cocked hat, he decided to bomb in the North and mine the harbors. It was only after the 1970 elections and as he felt 1972 approaching that he decided to reverse his positions on key domestic and foreign policy issues.

In fact, the Administration has been a long time getting to those nine points and it has been pushed every inch of the way. As Stanley Futterman of New York University Law School, a former Assistant Legal Adviser for East and Pacific Affairs in the State Department (1969-71) has pointed out in a letter to *The New York Times* (November 2), the President didn't really try to negotiate a settlement until well into his first term. Throughout 1969 and 1970 he manifested no interest in a cease-fire not tied to the withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops. It was only in October 1970, "twenty-one months after assuming office, that he offered an in-place cease-fire. And it was not until May 1971, that the Administration offered, in addition to a cease-fire, to withdraw American forces in return for a release of prisoners of war. . . . One is tempted to conclude that the pressure of an approaching election has something to do with the distance he is willing to move from original positions." Others have made the same point. Former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Charles Yost, for example, has said that essentially the same terms were available in 1969. Critics of the Administration for years urged a reversal of American policy toward China—for which Mr. Nixon is in no small part responsible—and suggested again and again that China might be of some assistance in securing a settlement in Vietnam. But it was not until the policies he had been pursuing collapsed, and the 1972 election was close at hand, that Nixon finally decided to travel to Peking. It is important that Kissinger's "big lie" be tagged for what it is, because if his gross distortions remain as the official record, they could set the stage for still further deceptions and misjudgments.

'Peace with Honor'?

Another Kissinger-Nixon myth is the reiterated pious litany that the President has achieved "peace with honor." Forget the fact that the terms suggested are not consistent with his own standards of what such a peace should be. Forget the fact that the proposed terms are full of potential dangers, ambiguities, loopholes, sources of future friction and gaps. (To cite merely one: when will civilian prisoners in South Vietnam be released?)

These obvious inadequacies are not what make one question the "peace with honor" rubric. Nor is it the failure to attain any of the "objectives" so often cited by Rusk, Rostow, Johnson and Nixon to justify the slaughter in Vietnam. The goal has shifted from time to time: "self-determination," "drive the Communists out," "contain China," "save the dominoes," etc. Then, as the time passed and most of these objectives were shot down, we were left with the notion that the bloodletting was necessary to convince our allies and our enemies that we kept our commitments. But as a distinguished statesman from a NATO country said to Charles Yost recently, if what happened in South Vietnam is an example of what happens to friends the "United States defends, God protect us from it." (From Mr. Yost's column in *The Christian Science Monitor*.)

But all these matters aside, the real objection to talk of "peace with honor" is that, until we forthrightly admit that the war was a disaster for the reputation of the American people, we cannot call any terms that may be negotiated honorable. More than a million dead, 100,000 of them children, the heaviest bombing the world has ever known, 7 million tons of death and devastation, the participation of 2.9 million Americans in an overseas fight in which we should never have become involved, 56,000 Americans dead, 300,000 injured, 1,800 taken prisoners or unaccounted for, expenditures of $200 billion, fantastic hidden domestic social costs, 5 million homeless—and all for what? With these and similar realities staring us in the face, it is hypocrisy to talk of peace with honor and not admit—as the President should be the first to admit, having prolonged the war for years beyond the time when he became responsible for it—that we fought without justification or reason, at enormous costs, to an inconclusive cessation. So let's have no ringing of church bells if an agreement is finally signed, unless it be to mourn the dead, American and Vietnamese, who died for reasons that remain opaque.

Dead on His Doorstep

Herbert Popper was shot about 10:30 P.M. Friday, October 27, as he approached the entrance to the apartment house in which he lived at 140 Cabrini Boulevard, a quiet, tree-lined street overlooking the Hudson River on the upper West Side of Manhattan. Popper was shot once in the head, and robbed of an estimated $200. Two

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women heard the shot. One told police that she looked out the window, and saw two young fellows running down the street. White fellows, she said. Popper was found by another woman who drove up with her husband, and got out and came into the building while her husband went to park the car. She called the doorman who summoned the police and an ambulance. Popper was taken to the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center emergency ward and later transferred to the Neurological Institute, where he died shortly before 9 A.M. the following morning.

Popper was a senior associate editor of *Chemical Engineering*, a McGraw-Hill publication, and usually worked late on Friday night. He was my next-door neighbor. I learned about the shooting in the morning from the doorman. I had heard nothing of it the previous night; at 10:30 P.M. I had been listening to a record in the living room, and soon after had gone to bed. The doorman said that Popper was in critical condition at the hospital, but a tenant, passing through the lobby, said she had heard that he had died. I rang the Popper doorbell; one of his two sons answered. I asked him how his father was, and the boy answered, "He died." I asked if I could see his mother. She came out, her eyes glazed with shock. I spoke to her. Unbelievable, I said. Unbelievable. I asked her if there was anything I could do. There wasn't. I went back out into the lobby, where several tenants had now gathered, and I said, "He died . . . he died. . . ."

All that day, in the lobby, up and down the street, and on the telephone, we talked about his murder, a cruel and evil event. It was horrifying and frightening. And it was strange. Several persons stopped my wife to say that when they had heard the victim was a slim man of medium height with eyeglasses they had thought it was me. That is one of the hardest aspects of this crime to accept—it could have been me. It could have been any one of us. Another is the fact that it occurred within ten paces of the building entrance, on our very doorstep. "I could have watched the whole thing," Mrs. Popper said later in the day when I went in to see her again. "It happened within sight of the kitchen window."

Popper's murder was heartbreaking, but it was no mystery. It was commonplace enough, one of many similar murders in New York. Only the identity of the perpetrators was unknown. Detectives Harold Robinson and James Johnson of the Fifth District Homicide Squad were assigned to the case. They questioned Mrs. Popper, the doorman, tenants. "It's a homicide, that's all," Robinson, a squarely built, middle-aged man, said, smiling slightly. "That's our job." In a moment a man named Herbert Popper, beloved by his family, respected by his colleagues, had been transformed with finality, irrevocably, into a statistic.

DONALD PANETH

FORSAKING DEBS FOR NIXON

A CALL TO AMERICAN SOCIALISTS

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

On October 23, Michael Harrington resigned as national co-chairman of the Socialist Party-Democratic Socialist Federation. He submitted his resignation in a letter to the National Committee, only portions of which appeared in the general press. Because of its general relevance to radical thought and our belief that it may well mark a turning point for socialism in this country, the letter is here published in its entirety. Mr. Harrington is the author of The Other America *and, more recently,* Socialism *(Saturday Review Press). He is now preparing for* Nation *readers his analysis of the 1972 Presidential campaign.*—Editors

DEAR COMRADES: I hereby tender my resignation as national co-chairman of the Socialist Party-Democratic Socialist Federation. I do so because I believe that the Socialist Party—the historic party of Eugene Victor Debs and Norman Thomas—is today doing the work of Richard Nixon.

When I agreed to accept the national co-chairmanship at the March convention, even though there were bitter, and publicly acknowledged, differences between myself and the party majority over issues like Vietnam and attitudes toward the New Politics, I assumed, along with everyone else, that we Socialists would be united in the Presidential campaign this fall. The Democratic nominee, we all knew, would not be a Socialist; but he would represent the serious choice of the democratic Left as against the conservative Right.

With George McGovern's nomination, those hopes for Socialist unity proved illusory. In September the party's National Committee stated a preference for McGovern over Nixon that was so reluctant and backhanded—attacking McGovern's foreign policy as "neo-isolationist and conservative" and his domestic proposals as "casual, vague and sometimes contradictory"—that it committed the party to the anti-Nixon struggle only in the most formal sense. Its press meanwhile continued to be largely devoted to an attack upon the forces around McGovern rather than to an attack upon Nixon. Indeed the National Committee resolution and the party newspapers were completely sympathetic to those liberals and trade unionists who refuse to back McGovern (and thereby help Nixon), while they bitterly attacked the New Politics constituency, an important component of the coalition to defeat Nixon by electing McGovern.

And even this shamefaced position was attacked by some of the most prestigious leaders of the party majority who refuse any support whatsoever to McGovern and look with enthusiasm upon a Nixon victory. Were Socialists acting in this way out of a traditional feeling of distrust

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toward all capitalist candidates, that would be understandable, even if inexcusably sectarian. But the party majority acts in this way because it is not disturbed by —or may even welcome—the prospect of Nixon's punishing the New Politics constituency.

I cannot accept public leadership in a party which does not see that defeating Nixon is *the* priority of the democratic Left, whether from the point of view of ending the horror of the war in Indochina or from that of putting a stop to four years of increasing unemployment, poverty and benign neglect for the minorities.

My resignation also relates to long-standing differences within the party. First of all, there is the issue of communism. I am a lifelong foe of that totalitarian collectivism which masquerades as "socialism"; I am in solidarity with the freedom movements within communism, such as those in Poland and Hungary in 1956 and in Czechoslovakia in 1968, which have fought for Socialist democracy and against the class dictatorship of the Communist bureaucracy. But I believe that the strategy of supporting reactionary anti-Communists as an alternative to communism—of backing Chiang, Batista, or French colonialism, Diem and the Generals in Indochina —only helps communism by wrongly identifying it with the struggle for national liberation and social justice.

For some time now the Socialist Party has refused to support American withdrawal from Vietnam. Citing the undeniable desirability of free elections in that tormented country, the party has given *de facto* backing to a bloody war directed in considerable measure against a civilian population (particularly with Nixon's bombing policy) and on behalf of a military dictatorship. Worse, the party leadership holds that one must always support America against communism because imperfect democracy is superior to actual totalitarianism. That abstraction fails to understand that it has been American support of reaction which has promoted communism and that we can only support our country's policy when it provides a democratic alternative to totalitarianism. That was, and is, the case in West Berlin or Israel; it is certainly not the case in Indochina, or in Greece or Spain.

Secondly, the party quite rightly identifies with the American labor movement and rejects the ignorant contempt which quite a few—including, alas, some peace activists—direct toward blue-collar workers. Indeed, I have often, and publicly, stated that, for all my disagreements with George Meany on foreign policy, I recognize the enormous and enduring contributions which he, and the AFL-CIO, have made to domestic social programs like full employment and national health security. But it is wrong for the party to so identify itself with the Meany wing of the labor movement that it supports it even when, as is the case with AFL-CIO neutrality in the 1972 election, it is wrong. We Socialists can fulfill our function as loyal trade unionists only if we retain our independent and critical honesty within the movement. We do not bring the unions great numbers or huge financial resources; we do bring them ideas.

It was tragic that Socialists in America often counterposed themselves to the official labor movement. It would be just as tragic if, by way of overcompensation, we became uncritical apologists for one wing of the movement. We would thereby, in addition, cut ourselves off from some of the most vital tendencies in the labor movement itself. That, I believe, is what the Socialist Party is doing. It explains, among other things, why we have kept such a distance from George McGovern.

Thirdly, I believe that the party is turning its back on an emergent social and political force. The transformations which technology has worked in class structure have created a new and growing constituency of the educated which first became visible in the institutions of mass higher education. It is a privileged constituency and it could therefore isolate itself from the rest of the American people in the name of a self-righteous and elitist "leftism." It is a concerned and human constituency, and it could become a leaven within a movement of the blue-collar workers, the minorities and the poor.

The Socialist Party has seen only the negative in this development and has counterposed itself to this constituency. In the process it has turned its back on that segment of American life where Socialist ideas are most widespread and effectively abandoned this enormously important new movement to its own worst tendencies. I propose to work with the New Politics constituency in order to win it to the democratic Left and I believe that the party is making a historic error, somewhat analogous to the mistake of those craft unionists in the 1930s who disdained the opportunities for industrial unionism.

Finally, I will remain a member of the party even though my differences with its present leadership are profound. It is the member party in America of the Socialist International and, as a partisan of democratic socialism throughout the world, I want to be part of that movement even if, in the United States, a part of the opposition within it.

My views were rejected at the March convention where my supporters could muster only between one-third and 40 per cent of the delegates. Our weakness derives in part from the fact that so many good Socialists have left the party or become demoralized because of the trends I describe here. I do not think that my politics will, under these circumstances, prevail at the forthcoming convention. In any case, I am not going to dissipate my political energies in an intra-Socialist struggle. I am much more concerned with finding ways to bring Socialist ideas to the mass movements—to labor and the poor and the minorities *and* the New Politics.

I am more convinced of the Socialist ideal than ever before in my life; I will fight until death for it. I am sad that I must publicly break with fellow Socialists, many of whom have been friends as well as comrades. But I feel that it is imperative that a clear Socialist voice speak for peace, for loyal and therefore candid participation in the unions, and for a genuine coalition which will bring together that majority of Americans—educated and uneducated, white and black—who desperately need basic social change. That, as the 1972 campaign shows, is not easy; it is utterly necessary.

In resigning the national co-chairmanship I hope—I feel—that I have vindicated the tradition of Debs and Thomas. □

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CONTINENTAL BOSSISM

Common Market: The Power Trap

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London

Harold Macmillan delivered his celebrated speech about "the wind of change" blowing through Africa on February 3, 1960 to the two houses of the South African Parliament, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Union Parliament. In that speech, Macmillan said:

> Ever since the breakup of the Roman Empire one of the constant facts of political life in Europe has been the emergence of independent nations. They have come into existence over the centuries in different forms, with different kinds of government, but all have been inspired by a deep, keen feeling of nationalism, which has grown as the nations have grown.

He went on to say that in the 20th century, and more especially since the end of World War II, this movement had been spreading and gathering pace all over the world, including the continent of Africa. The keynote of the speech was the historical inevitability of this "wind of change," extending the blessings of nationalism that had been experienced by Europeans to the world at large. What on this memorable occasion Mr. Macmillan did not say was that he and his colleagues in the British Government were at that moment taking active steps to begin the process of putting an end for good to the British nation.

For, although it was not until July 31, 1961 that Macmillan announced the "British" intention to seek admission to the European Economic Community, set up in March 1957, the decision in favor of entry was crystallized in British ruling circles during the eighteen months preceding Macmillan's 1961 announcement. On January 1, 1960, Sir Frank Lee had been moved from the Board of Trade to the Permanent Secretaryship of the Treasury, from which powerful position he chaired an economic steering committee of senior civil servants to consider the options open to Britain in relation to the EEC. Their decision to recommend application to join carried great weight among other power notables, watching anxiously for significant straws in the wind of power. It is from this period that the previously ascendant Churchillian doctrine of "the three interlocking circles" (that Britain's role was to maintain close relations with the Commonwealth, the United States and West Europe, and that too close association with the last mentioned could only impair relations with the other two) was replaced by the doctrine that the national interest required admission in the EEC at virtually any cost. This conclusion, although taken by an ostensibly "economic" committee, was based on essentially political grounds, since the decision has been seen from the outset as having political consequences far more important than any possible economic consequences.

While the basic considerations were always political—that is, considerations of power—the motives were not so much the positive ambition to extend power as the fear of losing that which remained. Given the rapidity with which the British Empire had collapsed, and the traumatic nature of the climax which at Suez had underlined the changed power realities for Britain in the world, the men who ruled were anxiously looking for means to safeguard what was left. Characteristically, the twin fears which consciously shaped their decision to seek entry into West Europe were contradictory. On the one hand, at a time when West European stability appeared to them to rest on the continued ascendancy of the Adenauer-de Gaulle axis, there was apprehension about the long-term possibility of containing the Communist movements in Western Europe, strong both in Italy and France. On the other hand, there was a strong fear that a united West Europe, with an economic market of 170 million, would be in an increasingly favorable position to form with the United States a genuine special relationship instead of the spurious one enjoyed by Britain. In short, the alternatives were seen as the choice between (*a*) sharing in the power of a mammoth political unit, at the price of lost national sovereignty, but compensated for by increased world power that promised a real chance to rival the might of America and Russia; and (*b*) remaining a sovereign nation divorced from the main power arteries of the world. *The Guardian* aptly summarized the thinking of the ruling circles in a single sentence (May 27, 1960): "But the choice is between swimming in the main stream and vegetating in a backwater." Put like that, who can hesitate? What man worthy of the name wants to "vegetate"? As for loss of national autonomy, many no doubt believe that, with all their imperial and diplomatic experience, the British, albeit latecomers at the trough, would soon be powerful enough at the very least to vie with French primacy in the new consortium.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the change that is being projected. Although for long more than coy in their public pronouncements about the full extent of the designs, which carefully centered on issues suggesting that the essential one was to negotiate a common tariff and customs union, the architects of the abrogation of British sovereignty, emboldened by the plenitude of power, have now come into the open. Even now, politicians speaking for domestic consumption do not make such full-blooded statements as that pronounced recently by the British bankers' ambassador in Washington, Lord Cromer, to the effect that the British intention was to proceed to complete integration into a new political sovereign union, political, economic and military. But that, after all, was the declared intention of the Bonn Declaration of the six heads of state on July 18, 1961:

> To give shape to the will for political union already implicit in the Treaties establishing the European Communities, and for this purpose to organise their co-operation, to provide for its development and to secure for it

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the regularity which will progressively create the conditions for a common policy and will ultimately make it possible to embody in institutions the work undertaken. To hold at regular intervals, meetings whose aim will be to compare their views, to concert their policies and to reach common positions in order to further the political union of Europe. . . .

As long ago as April 1962, Edward Heath, a consistently sensitive seismograph of the slightest tremors in the strata of power, stated to the Ministerial Council of Western European Union in his then capacity of Lord Privy Seal:

> You yourselves have decided that those who want to join the Economic Communities as full members must also join the Political Union. I am sure that this was the right decision. If this European Union is going to achieve the great things which we confidently expect of it then, in our view, it must be political as well as economic. As members we should want to strengthen its political development.

So much for statement of intent. A decade later, much has been done to further this intent. Decisions have been taken committing the Common Market to introduce in the future a common currency, and under already agreed financial regulations a federal-type budget will be imposed by 1980. Politically, the "Market" is committed to setting up a directly elected Parliament, to sit in Strasbourg, although it is already clear that the very term "Market" has been initial camouflage to divert attention from the creation of a new federal continental state, possessed of full political, military and economic sovereignty. All effective power lies in Brussels, with the European Commission and the Council of Ministers, but it is considered politic to provide a "democratic" veneer. However, even the most gullible, who imagine they enjoy democratic control of their national affairs, will scarcely imagine that they are going to control a state of 250 million souls. The point about Strasbourg is that it provides a continuance of traditional forms and above all allows for more extensive patronage and "honors" than can easily be accommodated in the direct Brussels bureaucracy. *The Guardian* has already provided Michael Stewart with a forum to elaborate the "problems" and "solutions" attaching to the "important" question of how Britain's thirty-six representatives to Strasbourg will be "elected" (it is suggested that half a dozen or so should be from the Lords) and how they will relate their respective obligations to Westminster and Strasbourg. It is only a matter of time before a Carrington or Healey will be discussing the problems arising out of Britain's manpower contribution in a state where "defense" has long been based on permanent military conscription. (There is of course at present no conscription in Britain.) The status of the monarchy is, to say the least, a delicate issue in view of the mystique and euphoria that have for centuries been cultivated around this peculiarly British institution. It is obvious that a province of a large state cannot for long maintain even the ritual gestures of a crown whose meaning was always inseparable from the image of imperial grandeur and national "greatness." That the British monarchy will ultimately disappear cannot be doubted, but that it should be doomed *in absentia,* so to speak, as a result of other policies and without any public discussion of the issue being permitted, is an unparalleled insult to the British people.

Looking backward at the postwar developments, and leaving to one side the rationalizations and arguments to order of career bureaucrats, publicists, journalists and politicians, two events stand out as decisive in bringing about the revolution in ruling circles: (*a*) the impact of the collapse of empire, and (*b*) the realization that, in order to remain in the league of the power giants struggling for world ascendancy, it would be necessary to maintain a "defense" industry based on nuclear technology of such magnitude as to be durably possible only for continental superpowers. In short, the logic of *raison d'état,* in conjunction with "defense" logistics, had finally decreed the obsolescence of the nation-state as a unit eligible for great-power status. Hence Mr. Macmillan's ability to evince a genial, expansive generosity in acknowledging that Asians, Latin Americans and Africans were now naturally and inevitably demanding national self-determination. For in today's technology the competition for supreme power is confined to the multinational corporations and continental cartels; mere nations are already relegated to second division status.

At the end of World War I the British Empire seemed to have attained its zenith in an unshakable worldwide power. I recall as a youth being rebuked for suggesting that, as the Roman Empire had finally dissolved, it was at least conceivable that one day, far distant no doubt, the British Empire also might finally cease to be. The Empire was the greatest thing that had ever happened on earth and was eternal—it was that simple. And then, lo and behold, within little more than a quarter century the whole thing fell apart—India, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, Egypt, Palestine, Aden, Kenya, the Sudan, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Cyprus, Malta, the West Indies. And now, even Ulster, the first colony of all, is in a state of seething, open revolt. For the ruling generation of the 1950s, the traumatic climax came with the debacle of Suez. Within three years appeared John Strachey's *End of Empire,* realistic, eminently *politique,* but for all that a nostalgic hymn of praise to the imperial past. The following passage, if objectively absurd, is by no means wide of the mark as an evaluation of the emotional and psychological condition of a good half of the British people.

> The morale, the spirit, the mental health even, of all of us in Britain are deeply involved in the question of the dissolution of our empire. . . . For in the British upper and middle classes in particular, but extending widely amongst the wage-earners also, there exists what the psychologists would call an "identification" with the empire. Quite apart from whether or not they suppose that their economic interests will be affected, many people in Britain feel a sense of personal loss—almost of amputation—when some colony, Burma or the Sudan for example, becomes independent.

It is necessary, perhaps, to have grown up in an imperial state to grasp how the mind is warped by the collective possession of worldwide power. The empire could never have been conquered in the first place if the ascendant class had not enjoyed a secure and unchallengeable hold over the working people at home. For all its vaunted liberalism, human relations in imperial Britain were conducted in a thoroughly paternalistic and often repressive mode. Armed force and the willingness to deploy it when

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necessary were taken for granted; even more important in keeping people obedient was the threat of unemployment, a threat which has ominously reappeared. But the main body of working people, despite frequent experience of harsh poverty and some of the worst slums in the Western world, genuinely admired their rulers for their wealth and power. Taught to sing "Britons never never shall be slaves" —which we all did with great gusto—we were slaves of course, and like slaves everywhere we identified with our masters' "greatness." Among the greatest evils which imperialism produces is the servile attitude it fosters among considerable sections of the poor in the imperial homeland itself; deprived of legitimate self-respect, they find compensation in a patronizing view of the "lesser breeds without the law."

Visible signs of class consciousness have noticeably shrunk in the half century and more since World War I, but millions of people now in middle age were reared in a milieu in which the British imperial structure enabled them to compensate, however spuriously, for deep-seated inferiorities and feelings of insecurity in an exceptionally class-structured society. Strachey was not exaggerating when he referred to this precariousness of identity as a significant social phenomenon of the British scene, one marked by the presence of very large numbers of people, wage earners as well as middle class, who felt the collapse of empire as "a sense of personal loss—almost of amputation." Out of this confusion and bewilderment as to their future identity and prospects emerged not only the support for entry into West Europe but also the bitter hostility to that project felt by millions whose nostalgic imperial sentiments and chauvinism find an emotional identification with Enoch Powell's brand of nationalism. But again there are many whose instincts would not permit them to have any truck with racism, who feel genuinely threatened in their sense of identity and traditional loyalty as a result of the swiftness with which the old familiar landmarks have disappeared.

National identity and purpose have always been closely linked with the nature of military power, based on existing industrial and technological power. The internal political stability which succeeded the civil strife of the late Middle Ages in the West European states and which provided the foundations of the subsequent empires, was imposed through the development of gunpowder and artillery. The ability of the feudal barons with their liveried retainers to withstand siege from their stone fortresses and to wage war on rival baronial brigands in defiance of the monarchy was ended by the latter's access to wealth from the New World and to new and decisive weapons. First in England, then in Spain, finally in France, Henry VII, Ferdinand and Isabella, and Richelieu respectively imposed unity and order within their national domains; and with the growth of new prosperity the appetite for power was able to seek outlets overseas.

That epoch is now at an end as a result of the exhaustion from the European wars and the determination of subject peoples who had experienced the European imperial yoke to achieve independence. So the chastened European rulers must needs look for fresh fish to fry. What more natural than that they should seek, by pooling their resources, to re-establish something of the hegemony they had lost through their own fratricidal strife? Moreover, the technological requirements of great-power "defense" status are no longer within the economic resources of any single European state. A new continental nation to match the world power of the Russians and Americans and imminently of the Chinese thus appears the obvious answer. If gunpowder and artillery dictated national self-determination, nuclear power dictates continental hegemony. The only temporary stumbling block appeared in the indeterminacy of the British insular position, like the Continentals no longer imperial, but unlike them enjoying a "special relationship" with the new American superpower, arising out of maritime position, common language and Anglo-Saxon ties. In the late Churchillian and immediate post-Churchillian period, the British ruling class soldiered on, bolstering their sagging morale with the delusion that, linked with America, they were still a Great Power, able to condescend to their nonnuclear European brethren.

From this euphoric dream, they awoke with a jolt first at Suez and subsequently through the Kennedy-Macmillan agreement at Nassau in December 1962, the real significance of which was soon grasped by the British and even sooner by de Gaulle. At Suez the attempt to send in the gunboats, like the buccaneers of old, brought a swift nemesis and, the special relationship notwithstanding, a magisterial rebuke from Eisenhower. The multilateral formula for the deployment of the instruments of nuclear massacre agreed upon at Nassau was designed as a salve to British "Great Power" pride; but Britain's subservient military status—politely termed by Macmillan in his Liverpool speech of January 27, 1963, one of "relations between interdependence and independence"—was plain in that the bulk of American nuclear weapons would not come within the control of the multilateral force but would remain under the President's exclusive control. The hollowness of the "special relationship" in the big-power stakes was already plain, technologically speaking, when the Americans abandoned Skybolt and subsequently the British abandoned Blue Streak (missiles designed to make possible an independent land-based nuclear "deterrent" feasible for Britain). Indeed Macmillan's announcement in April 1960 of the decision to drop Blue Streak was almost certainly the decisive event in crystallizing British publicists' opinion in favor of entry into West Europe. From that moment on, national newspapers followed one after the other with ponderous Sibylline editorials indicating the discovery that we were now no longer to be British but West Europeans.

As for the French, and de Gaulle in particular, they had always vaunted themselves on their strictly realistic allegiance to the logic of *raison d'état*; no special relationship delusions for them. On the contrary, however long it took to acquire, there must be an exclusive French nuclear "deterrent." If they had ever had the slightest doubts of the "wisdom" of this course, these were removed by the Cuban missile crisis. While Macmillan was lost in admiration for Kennedy's handling of that showdown, whatever the outcome had proved to be, de Gaulle expressed the "European" standpoint succinctly:

> The Americans, finding themselves exposed to a direct atomic attack from the Caribbean, acted in such a way

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as to rid themselves of that menace and, if it had been necessary, to crush it, without its having occurred either to them or to anyone else that the game (*sic*!) would necessarily be played in Europe and without recourse to the direct assistance of the Europeans.

Which in plain English means that the Europeans would have been "protected" by the American alliance in the same way that the South Vietnamese allies were "protected" by the Americans in Quang Tri. After withdrawing their own nationals, the South Vietnamese top officials and the Europeans, the Americans pulverized with bombs their abandoned "allies." It is not illogical that the French view of European "security" has prevailed. The British are to participate with their European allies by pooling their separate sovereignty and their nuclear expertise in establishing a European superstate, equipped to deploy its own nuclear arsenal, ultimately independent of the United States, although presumably continuing the semblance of a North Atlantic alliance in "defense" of "the free world" —freed from obsolete nationalist rivalries.

My purpose in thus briefly reviewing the power background to the campaign to enlarge the European community is to show that, behind all the diplomatic rhetoric about integration, maintaining equilibriums, defending free worlds, increasing productivity, employment, prosperity, lies the oldest of mankind's enemies—*raison d'état*—which politicians, statesmen, press lords, diplomatists and their hangers-on must perforce obey. So it was when the nucleus of England was created from the union of Mercia and Wessex when Alfred the Great liberated the Danelaw. So it was when the Saxons made the best deal they could and were assimilated by their new Norman lords. So it was when Sir Arthur Chichester embarked upon the plantation of Ulster and thus unwittingly launched the British Empire, with its disastrous effects of promoting the principle of overlordship and subjugation throughout the world. And so it was in our time when Edward Heath—single-mindedly ambitious to be Prime Minister—seized upon the simple notion that power in the future lay in assimilation within the greater political unit of West Europe. Because power men are necessarily the kind of men who suppose that it is they who make the wheels of history turn (Heath's observation, to the effect that he and Pompidou had in an afternoon peacefully achieved the unity of Europe which Napoleon and Hitler had sought in vain by means of war, takes the prize for sheer crassness), we should not make the mistake of supposing that the logic of power which they obey is not a reality. It is indeed a reality—a grim and horrifying reality.

Nations which have previously exercised imperial power, undergone the painful process of being divested of that power, and then sought compensation by uniting to constitute a single great power, are not going to find their appetite for power satiated thereby. The Vietnamese and others have suffered horribly from American power. The Hungarians and the Czechs have learned the price of attempting to assert a degree of independence from the power of the Soviet Union, as have the Tibetans at the hands of the Chinese. What reason is there to suppose that the latest recruit to superpower status will not seek to impose its power wherever it possibly can? Indeed, the first faint rumbles are already ominously present. The

Daily Telegraph (London)

Once More unto the Breach . . .

following is an extract from proposals by Dr. Sicco Mansholt, president of the EEC commission to deal with problems of population growth and pollution, published in *The Guardian* of April 11. I am concerned not with the proposals but with the style, the language of power reminiscent of a continental Tammany boss.

> If Europe follows a well-defined policy, it will be in a better position to impose a policy on the rest of the world as well, on the United States and Japan in particular.
>
> If Europe does not follow a well-defined policy, but permits itself to be towed along by events and renounces the taking of any initiative, I believe that the cause will be lost for, in my opinion, the United States *do not possess the necessary political strength to guide the world towards the solution of its major problem.* The United States are on the *downward path* and it will be extremely difficult to save them from total collapse. (His italics.)

From this he draws the conclusion that "Europe has a mission to accomplish." Imagine that! The idea that Europe, which pioneered the dreadful menace of supersonic civil aviation, should impose anti-pollution measures on the world would be comical if it were not grotesque.

So far I have been concerned to explain how the proposal to merge Britain into a new identity in the shape of a West European sovereign state has been promoted so rapidly. Of no less importance is the issue of what is

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generally referred to as "democracy." For, in spite of a massive propaganda campaign made possible by government funds and by the EEC's assignment of nearly £1 million a year to public relations activity, most of which has been directed toward securing British entry; in spite of a public debate organized by national publicity media in such a way that the issue of the British political future has been discussed as though it were exclusively a matter of farm prices, the cost of margarine, of offshore fishing rights and the implications of a value added tax; in spite of a barrage of one-sided, deceitful propaganda, in which entry was always presented as a foregone conclusion—"when," never "if"—the people of Britain have not been taken in. They have remained steadfastly opposed to this vast conspiracy to rob them of their heritage.

Although official testing of opinion is the last thing that will be permitted, public opinion polls have been organized in many parts of the country—to mention a few, Lowestoft, Brentford, Macclesfield, Hexham, Middlesborough, Wellingborough, Bexley (the Prime Minister's own constituency), Gloucester, Bath, Banbury, Maidstone, Sudbury. With minor variations, the polls have confirmed the national Gallup poll, which found 32 per cent in favor of entry, 17 per cent undecided, and 51 per cent opposed. It is not for nothing that Mr. Heath has decided that, while Norwegians, Danes, Eireans may vote on whether or not they wish to be incorporated into West Europe, while the people of Ulster are promised regular direct consultation as to whether they wish to remain inside the United Kingdom, while the French are consulted by referendum as to whether or not they want the British united with them, the British themselves are to be denied any say whatever in the matter most vitally affecting them. Statements have even appeared in the press that, while public opinion is opposed to the projected surrender of "sovereignty," this can be ignored, since experience indicates that when faced with a *fait accompli*, people generally resign themselves, get used to it and make the best of it. Brazen arrogance and contempt for ordinary people have rarely if ever been carried further than by the present ruling group.

To anyone versed in the theory of "parliamentary democracy" it might appear odd that the "mother of parliaments" should be able to legislate the nation out of existence in defiance of the will of the majority of the people. How is it possible? In the first place, genuine public opinion, as distinct from fashions of the hour whipped up by the mass media, is always slow to mobilize itself. In this particular instance, a good many were genuinely taken in and thought that the whole affair really was as it was made out to be, a question for businessmen and *commerçants* as to where Britain's best markets lay, where goods could most profitably be bought and sold. Few took very seriously the grave political implications, which have never been permitted to come under genuine public discussion in other than fringe journals of the Right and Left. Thus the most crucial change in the people's history has never even been an issue in a general election. At the 1970 election, the matter was touched upon incidentally as the Conservative Party's right, if elected to power, to negotiate—"no more and no less"—upon the terms of entry into an association, which the general public understood roughly as a kind of customs union. In the event, the Tories were returned against all expectations in the lowest poll of any general election since the war, the election having been boycotted by a large number of former Labour supporters as their only means of expressing disillusion with the performance of the Wilson administration in domestic and foreign affairs.

Even so, given the unshakable resistance of some thirty Conservative M.P.s to entry into West Europe, together with the narrowness of the Conservative victory, the decision to enter Europe could be carried only with substantial Labour support. And the annual conference of the Labour Party, where the party rank and file of the trade unions and the constituencies have some real say, had voted approximately 5 to 1 against acceptance of the present terms of entry. A very large minority voted against entry under any terms whatever; and the party leadership was thus committed to opposing the government bill. What in fact happened was that some ninety members of the Parliamentary Labour Party defied with impunity a three-line whip, sixty-nine actually voting with the government against their own party to give the marketeers a resounding "parliamentary" victory. In the past, members of the PLP who had so much as abstained on a three-line whip on the defense estimates had incurred the full disciplinary sanctions of the party; but on the occasion of this large-scale revolt of the parliamentary party's right wing, in defiance of the leadership as well as the vast majority of the constituency parties and of the trade unions, no sanctions were applied. The last shreds of pretense of representative government were thus rudely torn away. The majority at the 1960 Labour Annual Conference which favored unilateral nuclear disarmament was ignored on the ground that rank-and-file majorities counted only when they had the support of the party leadership. Democratic theory has now been amended still further to accommodate a new doctrine—rank-and-file majorities, even overwhelming ones, even with the support of the party leadership, count only if the right-wing minority chooses not to exercise a right of absolute veto. Were Mr. Jenkins and his supporters to violate their consciences on a matter so important to the nation? Cynicism so brutal passed the bounds of the politically permissible even in our hard-faced culture, and the indignation of the rank and file up and down the country had its effect. A semblance of discipline was subsequently imposed in fighting the remaining stages of the government bill, with the result that the "full-hearted consent" of the British people—without which Mr. Heath assured us we would not be taken into West Europe—has found parliamentary expression in majorities as low as six, and even then dependent upon the support of the Liberal Party, which is otherwise opposed to all major governmental policies.

Underlying this entire question is the issue of group loyalty and identity in the particular context of nationalism. Paradoxically, at the very time when the Northern Irish majority is with characteristic fanaticism proclaiming its Britishness and loyalty to the United Kingdom, the British themselves are threatened with dissolution by their own "loyalists." Indeed, although it would be inconceivably impolitic to declare it openly,

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there is no doubt that the Common Market strategists feel that, if both Eire and the U.K. were alike participants in a common European state, the problem of Ulster's six counties would have been neatly by-passed. If we are all together equally West Europeans, what point would there be to the Convenanters and Orangemen getting excited in future about the blue skies of Anglo-Saxon Protestant freedom contrasted with the gray mists of Celtic priest-ridden bogs? For Mr. Whitelaw to admit this would doubtless produce a violent reaction, but Ulster Protestant suspicions are grounded on the logic of the new Continental nationalism.

Although the proposal to merge Britain in West Europe is opposed with deep feeling by British patriots, it is opposed equally by those of us who are inimical to all forms of nationalism, chauvinism, parochialism. It is true that few people are entirely unmoved by loyalties extending beyond the family and which are yet less than the whole of humanity. If I smile ironically or with distaste at the Shakespeare-Rupert Brooke images conjured up by "this precious stone set in a silver sea . . . that is for ever England," I am not unmoved by the reflection that my forefathers and foremothers walked with John Ball to protest against the King's tyranny, dug the wasteland with the Levellers to establish the true law of freedom, sang the songs of Blake and Shelley, and remember with affection the worlds of Tom Jones and Tom Brown and of the wind on the heath, brother.

Attachments and loyalties to traditions and ways of doing things, to common memories, are humanly significant, a part of our identities; but they are susceptible of exploitation by the powerful for purposes of power. The attachments I have tried to indicate are not incompatible with loyalty to human beings in all corners of the earth. Patriotism, on the other hand, *is* incompatible, for it is loyalty to a particular sovereign power and as such is mutually exclusive of loyalties to people subject to another sovereign power. Patriotism for that reason is always evil—patriotism (viz., loyalty to enforced membership in a sovereign state) as distinct from love of the land, the soil, family and friends.

And it is true that in the realm of patriotism no final form of institutional loyalty is prescribed once and for all; there is no authentic, eternal state. The size of the state is a function of military strength, economic viability and political stability—in short, of power. These requirements vary from age to age as economic circumstances, technology and transport vary. The patriotism of Thebes and Athens centered around the city-state or *polis*; the Romans established the *Pax Romana* in Europe and Africa; military power, fortuitously assisted by the first Elizabeth's failure to produce an heir, fashioned Britain. Why should not similar forces in a new age mold out of Britain and other European nations a new Europe—military power, political hegemony, economic unity, supplemented by a cultural identity, a common language and literature? With time, these last can be and generally are developed. In Europe there are linguistic problems, but

Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

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these are not insurmountable, as Swiss experience shows. English primary schools are already working on the problem by introducing French language as a general subject, as they now teach the decimal system instead of English mensuration. French is after all already the language of diplomacy, has a rich literature, and is strategically and powerfully placed within the new Europe's frontiers. What could be more natural than such a development?

I concede that again and again throughout history the forces of *raison d'état* and the worship of wealth and empire have triumphed at the expense of other and quite different values. What I wish to assert, however, is that these forces are leading imperceptibly but steadily and consistently to world war and the destruction of human values. The most heartbreaking struggle going on in the world today is the struggle of the Vietnamese peasants to rid themselves of the cruel imperial power of the United States. That struggle will no doubt succeed, but it is a struggle by armed violence in the interests of patriotism and nationalism; therefore its success, bought with great heroism, martyrdom and unimaginable suffering, will not effect vital change in the world. It will put an end to one particular form of tyranny, but power itself will not be diminished as a total consequence. The struggle to keep Britain out of a West Europe sovereign state involves no heroism, it is most unspectacular; few people in the world at large seem even interested. But from the point of view of humanity, it is absolutely vital that in this case the *raison d'état* realists should not prevail. If insane arms expenditure is ever to be halted, if sane values are ever to prevail over the competition for power and prestige, people must reclaim control over their own lives, and to this end large states must yield to small communities.

People who wield power over others select themselves for the task by the exceptional single-mindedness with which they pursue it and by the intuitive skill with which they master the laws of power. In order to achieve their positions of power and survive in them, they must instinctively sense what is and what is not permissible in the interests of the ruling group. Anyone who tried to act consistently out of compassion for his fellows or in obedience to a conscience sensitive to the claims of justice and the need to protect the weak against their exploiters, would not be permitted to stay in a position of power for long. If license were permitted to one individual to enjoy the luxury of acting out of disinterested conviction, that one would soon rock the boat for all other members of the dominant group. Therefore powerful men in Britain, and aspirants to tomorrow's power now serving their apprenticeship, have naturally grasped whither the dynamics of power are pointing. The logic of *raison d'état* which they all obey points clearly, in the British post-imperial phase and with the American imperial tide on the ebb, toward West European superpower status. Witness Harold Macmillan (*Radio Times*, London, June 3-9) stating that time has already justified his European policies "with Britain's entry into Europe":

> Of course our superiority as a power, in terms of territorial conquest, has vanished. But, you know, at all the great moments of British history we've been a rather small power. It'll take two or three generations, *but we'll do it again*, only this time as *partners*. [First italics, mine; second italics, his.]

That is proof, if any further proof were needed, that they are incorrigible, unrepentant and have learned nothing. Indeed, if the kingdom of this world were exclusively the kingdom of power, if all humanity in the last resort bowed down in worship of this false god, then British membership in "the common market" would be absolutely inevitable and irreversible. Certainly this is the pattern of development which has always prevailed previously throughout human history.

Why then should it be any different this time? Because the majority are opposed? The opposition is made up of many strands, extending from Commonwealth nostalgia, chauvinism and loyalty to past traditions on the Right to opponents of technocrats and big government, advocates of decentralization, and Marxist or Socialist hostility to big junta capitalism on the Left; and there are of course plain democrats in all walks of life who strongly object to being railroaded into something against their will by ruthless, high-pressure tactics and deceitful propaganda. But the forces on the other side are very powerful—they are the forces that command the appetites of men for power, preferment and wealth. Whole nations have in the past been conquered frequently enough. Usually, it is true, they have fallen to foreign powers depending on victory by force of arms, but there is no reason in principle why a nation should not be conquered from within by its home-grown rulers, if the latter are ruthless and determined enough and the former are sufficiently supine and gullible.

For my part, however, I believe that, even if Mr. Heath contrives to keep himself in power until next January, even if he signs the accession to the Treaty of Rome on behalf of "Britain," this iniquitous project is doomed to defeat—for one simple but vital reason.

For centuries mankind has been subject to government by men in all essentials exactly like themselves. For centuries, too, mankind has been plagued by ever recurring and ever more destructive wars between the governments and their respective combatants. With the passage of time the areas of government—that is to say, the numbers of men controllable by a single group—have increased steadily from tribe and city to province and nation and now to whole continents. With each extension of the process, the many have found the degree of control which they exercise over matters vitally affecting their own lives steadily reduced. This process has been accompanied by a parallel growth in the development of technological skills, and in particular of those designed to create ever more efficient means of destruction to be deployed in the wars necessitated by the ceaseless struggle for greater and greater power.

We have now traveled as far along this particular road as it is possible for mankind to go without self-extermination. The engines of nuclear destruction are set up and at instant readiness to destroy human beings indiscriminately by the million and indeed by tens of millions. So great is our common shame and degradation. Therefore the process has to be stopped. It is not difficult to get agreement upon that. But resistance to the correct diagnosis of the nature

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of the galloping disease that is consuming us is very great and goes very deep. Nevertheless so great is the emergency, so vitally interested are men in an outcome affecting us all, that, given the human potential for learning by reason and experience, the diagnosis now struggling to be heard will increasingly be heard and understood at many different and interlocking levels of society.

The diagnosis is that the will to power that goes so deep in man is never morally neutral but is on the contrary always the source of evil; that it is always a barren, sterile, anti-human thing leading men away from their true welfare. Men in the past have revered other men like themselves for their success in obtaining power over them; today that servile condition is slowly changing. It remains with us still, of course, for society is made up of many different strata, but for the first time more and more people are recognizing that the will to power over other men, the will to personal ascendancy and domination, is not good or yet morally neutral, but inherently evil.

The goal of a united "Europe" is a sterile goal belonging to the realm of death. We, who are implacably opposed, are also Europeans, we are also British, we are also English, we have been given no choice about these things. But insofar as we attend to our rightful business, namely, the task of not dominating our neighbors and not willingly permitting them to dominate us, insofar as we seek to cultivate our own garden and thus have no need to ride on the backs of others, insofar as we do these things, we are necessarily good human beings who will live in concord and friendship with all other human beings like ourselves seeking the way, and will therefore also be good Europeans and good Chinese and good Americans, and so forth.

There is a legend related by Alexander Herzen, the great Russian writer in exile from 19th-century czarism. Herzen used to tell it to illustrate both the necessity of a Russian revolution and his own awareness that such a revolution would inevitably lead to yet a new form of tyranny over the long-suffering people. The Czar, finding on the birth of a child to the Czarina that he was not the father of the child, revenged himself by condemning mother and son to be put to sea in a barrel with adequate food and drink. With the passage of time the boy grew until the barrel was no longer large enough to contain them. His mother begged him not to stretch himself lest he burst the barrel asunder and drown them both. But finally the boy could restrain himself no longer, and the barrel burst and the two were drowned; but not before the son was able to call to the Czarina, "It was worth it, mother, for just one stretch in freedom."

Well, the Russians had their one stretch in 1917, as Herzen foresaw. But today is not 1917; it is the epoch of the nuclear mushroom cloud of death which still hovers as menacing as ever above us. This time, the revolution must be for more than one stretch. It must, however long it takes, be for genuine continuing freedom. It must, in short, be a nonviolent revolution brought into being gradually by the awakening of individual souls to the real meaning of freedom in human relations, each with each, one with another, face to face. The rulers of Britain's Empire think we must now obey them, and the logic of the inevitability of power, by going into yet another power racket, continent-wide in its economic and military base. They are determined to deny us our one stretch. Well, we shall see. Even the children have begun to march. Even in the nursery things are stirring. For the word is beginning to get through that the time has come for a serious confrontation with the forces that have hitherto spelled death and destruction and tyranny for mankind. □

AMIN'S UGANDA

FROM DREAMS TO BRUTALITY

STANLEY MEISLER
Mr. Meisler is Africa correspondent of the Los Angeles Times.

Nairobi

General Idi Amin of Uganda has laid bare a treacherous weakness of Black Africa that its defenders have either ignored or covered for some time. It is easy to flick aside the fragile political institutions left behind by the colonial powers; the parliaments, the parties, the constitutions, the rules of foreign law have not taken root. The masses are unschooled, timid and ignorant of their rights and potential for power. They are riven by tribal strife. Instead of loyalty to their country, they feel hatred for one another. The quality of statesmanship is low. Leaders are possessed by greed and megalomania. Their promises of the good life have, with few exceptions, collapsed. Most economies are faltering. Life may be getting better for the common man, but not much better. The countries are small; the towns that count are few. A leader only needs a few thousand guns to rule for his lifetime. Thus, the conditions that favor tyranny are many; the checks are few.

General Amin's callous expulsion of the Asians has brought worldwide (though not much African) condemnation upon himself and crippled all those, both black and white, who have spent years trying to focus the attention of outsiders on the injustices of white Southern Africa. But his treatment of the Asians is only the most dramatic of the wrongs inside Uganda. Ugandans have treated one another far worse than they have treated Asians. Uganda has become a land ruled by undisciplined and poorly trained soldiers, robbing, raping and killing as they please, with little disapproval and no punishment from above. It is another bloody and depressing chapter in recent African history.

Of course, the 47-year-old Amin is not a typical

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leader of Africa. Poorly educated, he has a penchant for buffoonery and takes delight in outrageous pronouncements. He cannot understand why governments are upset by his recent cable to the United Nations expressing approval of Hitler's extermination of the Jews. It is obvious that the intricacies of finance and state do not interest him. In a brilliant analysis, Nigerian journalist Peter Enahoro recently described him as "the kind of man who approaches a thorny problem with an empty mind. It is when he begins to address an audience that solutions suddenly fill his head." Diplomats and newsmen in East Africa spend a good deal of time arguing whether he is utterly stupid, a man of shrewd peasant cunning, or mad.

Yet it is too simple to dismiss the troubles of Uganda as an aberration, the way a decade ago defenders of Africa dismissed the chaos in the Congo as an aberration. The Congo was a product of unenlightened and brutal Belgian colonialism, but Uganda has no such excuse. For the British, Uganda was a model of the best that could be accomplished under their colonial system. At independence a decade ago it was a relatively educated, stable and rich African country.

There is historical irony now in reading what the young Winston Churchill wrote in 1908 after a visit there. "There is no region," he wrote, "which offers prospects to compare in hopefulness with those of the Protectorate of Uganda. . . . Nowhere else in Africa will a little money go so far. Nowhere else will the results be more brilliant, more substantial or more rapidly realized."

Uganda has fallen far. But it is not all because of the historical accident of Idi Amin. An analyst needs to explore the conditions, duplicated elsewhere in Black Africa, that led from Churchill's dreams to Amin's brutality.

Churchill and many other British had been excited by one section of Uganda, the Kingdom of Buganda by the shores of Lake Victoria. It was a rare example of an organized and complex tribe led in a feudal way by a king called the Kabaka. The Baganda (as the people of Buganda are called) accepted the Christian missionaries who headed there soon after stories of the land were spread by Stanley and other explorers. With Christianity came schools and Western attitudes. By the time of Ugandan independence in 1962, Buganda was one of the most modern and productive areas in Africa. If Uganda were comprised of Buganda alone, Churchill's prophecy might have been realized.

But in the 19th century, imperialists drew colonial boundaries without worrying about the people who lived within the ruled lines, and Uganda was drawn to include far more territory than Buganda. As a result, the Baganda found themselves at independence in a country where other peoples—less modern and less educated—outnumbered them by more than five to one.

The man who ruled Uganda for most of its early years, first as Prime Minister and then as President, was A. Milton Obote, a northerner from the Lango tribe. Like most African leaders, he was obsessed by two ambitions —to keep himself in office and to unite the hostile tribes of his territory into some kind of nation. Obote saw the Baganda as a threat to both obsessions and decided to destroy their power.

On paper and in theory, Obote may have seemed right. The Baganda were proud, arrogant, separatist, almost autonomous and had their own king. Uganda could never become a nation until at least some of the separatist feeling of the Baganda was quieted. But the practical result of Obote's policy of putting down the Baganda was to create a Uganda in which the least modern peoples were in charge of developing it into a modern state.

With his anti-Baganda policy, Obote also created a solid bloc of bitter opposition to himself right in the capital of Kampala and the surrounding area, for this was the heartland of Buganda. If trouble arose, no one would take to the streets of Kampala to defend him.

Obote used the Ugandan army to suppress the Baganda, and that turned out to be his greatest error. The soldiers, led by General, then Colonel Amin, stormed the palace of the Kabaka of Buganda in 1966 and sent him into exile in London, where he died a few years later. Amin's troops, almost all northerners, then virtually occupied Buganda in the name of Obote for four years.

But Obote had fashioned a dangerous instrument. During his regime, the army increased from 1,000 men to 7,500; it was the fastest growing African army outside Nigeria. An unpopular man who needed the army's support, Obote gave in to all its whims. When the soldiers mutinied against their British officers in 1964, Obote dismissed the Englishmen and replaced them with sergeants swiftly promoted. Whenever the soldiers demanded an increase in pay, he gave it; the Ugandan army soon became one of the worst trained and best paid armies in Africa.

In January 1971, this army overthrew Obote while the President was at a Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference in Singapore, and General Amin became President Amin. In a few months, it became clear that stability was not to be the hallmark of the military government. For one thing, the soldiers began killing one another. Though northern, the army was not united by anything beyond its contempt for the Baganda. As happens often in Africa, there was tribalism within tribalism. The army came mainly from three northern tribal groups—the West Nilesmen of President Amin, the Lango of former President Obote, and, the best trained of the lot, the Acholi. The West Nilesmen considered both the Lango and Acholi supporters of Obote and a purge began, which President Amin either could not or would not stop. At least 1,000 were killed.

Since by then perhaps 1,500 Lango and Acholi had rushed across the border to take refuge with Obote in Tanzania, the purge crippled the army. But Amin simply recruited almost three times as many as had left or been killed until the army swelled to 12,500. It was now even more poorly trained and undisciplined than before. To make matters worse, Amin promoted a few sergeants to colonel as a reward for standing by him in the coup.

Without paying any heed to his budget, Amin began squandering his country's funds on the military. By the end of the last fiscal year, Uganda had spent a third of its budget on defense, more than twice as much as was originally provided. Three-quarters of the capital budget —the money set aside for school buildings, roads and

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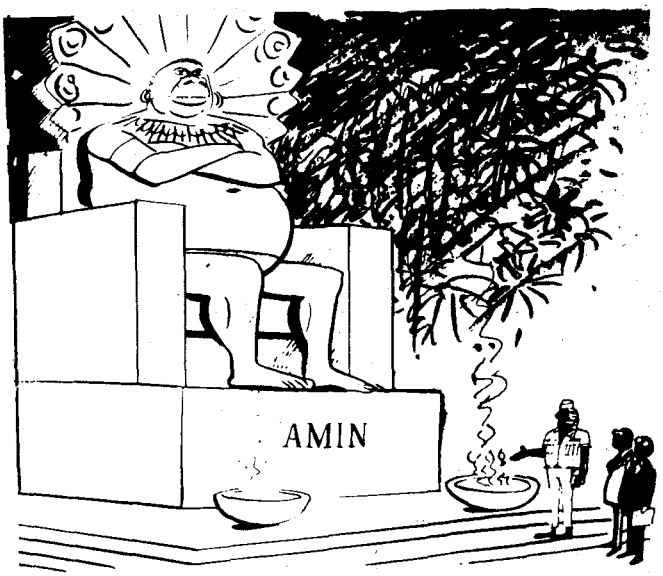

Cookson (London Evening News)

"It's for People to Worship When I'm Out of the Country"

similar projects—was spent on arms and other military goods. This heavy military spending almost depleted the treasury and left Uganda with little foreign exchange for imports.

Without discipline or training but well armed, the soldiers began to rule the life of Uganda as only arrogant, ignorant men can. For more than a year, the country has undergone a kind of reign of terror, with men of all races, including Americans, killed and high government officials disappearing. Some of the murders and detentions have been coldly calculated, like the slaughter last year of the American journalist, Nicholas Stroh, when he investigated reports of an army massacre in the barracks at Mbarara. Others have died at the hands of drunken soldiers on a spree. In none of the cases have the soldiers been disciplined. With the acquiescence of their former general, Amin's soldiers have become their own law.

Faced with a desperate financial situation, Amin did not suddenly decide to change character and attempt to deal with it rationally. Instead, he has assumed the pose of a mad magician, pulling outrageous surprises out of his sleeve. The first came last April when he turned on one of his early benefactors, the Israeli Government, and threw out all Israeli technicians and businessmen. This was a swift way to cancel all debts to Israel and to insure some financial and military support from the incredibly rich and militantly anti-Zionist Libya.

In early August, Amin pulled out his biggest surprise by ordering the expulsion, within ninety days, of most of the 75,000 Asians in Uganda. This may eventually destroy his economy, for the Asians controlled the commerce of Uganda and filled most of the skilled and professional posts. But it also guarantees him great popularity, for the masses of Africans hold a deep hatred for Asians.

The Asians have long been the despised minority of East Africa, like the Jews of old Europe (see Meisler: "Kenya's Asian Outcasts," *The Nation,* September 1, 1969). Hard-working, clannish, sometimes disdainful, the Asians have proved too strong a competition for Africans trying to get their first foothold in a money economy. In addition, the Asians have attracted the enmity that shopkeepers—or, as they are called in East Africa, *duka wallahs*—experience all over the world.

Under the guise of keeping Africa for the Africans, the East African governments, including Uganda before Amin, have developed various sets of legislation to take shops and jobs from Asians. Citizenship is the excuse. Although either born in East Africa or resident long enough to look on Africa as home, most Asians, under the constitutional rules of the independent black countries, are aliens. Therefore, Africans insist, their laws against Asians are not racial, but only a way of taking the economy out of foreign hands. The policies of Amin, however, make this hard to believe. His tirades against Asians have not distinguished between citizen and non-citizen Asians. In addition, his officials, in a hurried campaign, have on technical grounds torn up the citizenship papers of two-thirds of the Asian citizens. Citizens or not, Asians are not wanted by Africans. All this has made the Asian population a convenient scapegoat in Uganda for a man who desperately needs scapegoats.

The attempt in mid-September by Ugandan exiles, with Tanzanian support, to invade Uganda and overthrow Amin has only made matters worse. The invasion was a Bay of Pigs for President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, who has feuded with Amin ever since the latter came to power. Nyerere evidently believed that the Ugandan army, weakened by tribal conflict, would crumble in face of an invasion. He was mistaken, for anti-Asian hatred had inflated the popularity of Amin. The army held fast.

The victory over the exiles has made the soldiers even more drunk with power. Amin's battle pronouncements have fired them up against Acholis, Langos, Asians and whites. Diplomatic sources report that since the invasion an average of five Asians a day have been shot to death by soldiers. There are reports as well of soldiers massacring Acholi and Lango villages in the north. And a purge of important Baganda has begun. In the most spectacular incident, soldiers arrived at the High Court one day and removed Chief Justice Benedicto Kiwanuka, a prominent Bagandan leader. Most outsiders believe he was killed a few hours later.

Since the invasion, Amin has behaved as if he could with impunity rail at the rest of the world. He comes up every day with a new accusation of impending invasion by Britain, Tanzania, Zambia or the NATO powers. Most foreign governments have accepted his tirades meekly.

Aside from the Asians, there are more than 5,000 British, almost 1,000 Americans and several hundred other foreigners in Uganda. Most diplomats insist that, if their governments were to offend General Amin, he would fall into a rage and harm these hostages. As a result, while the tyrant blusters, foreign diplomats do little more than wring their hands and make feeble protests.

The United States is the worst offender. Since Amin came to power, his soldiers have mistreated Americans far worse than they had any group of foreigners except

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Asians with British passports. Three Americans have been killed and one wounded; the wife of an American diplomat was almost raped; eight Americans were detained, and numerous American tourists have been roughed up. Yet, the U.S. Government has done everything it could to avoid antagonizing the President. The Peace Corps, for example, withdrew all its volunteers after one of them had been killed by Ugandan soldiers. But, to appease Amin, the Peace Corps never announced an evacuation. Instead, officials insisted, each volunteer had made a personal and individual decision to leave.

With foreign governments taking that kind of attitude, there is little pressure on Amin to moderate his antics. The President has neither solved his problems nor run out of scapegoats. It is hard for an outsider to see any hope for Uganda now; it is a model African state gone wild. Perhaps Uganda is the exception that proves the rule, but its background and history have too much in common with much of the rest of Black Africa for any friend of Africa to feel smug about it. □

CONGRESSIONAL STRADDLE

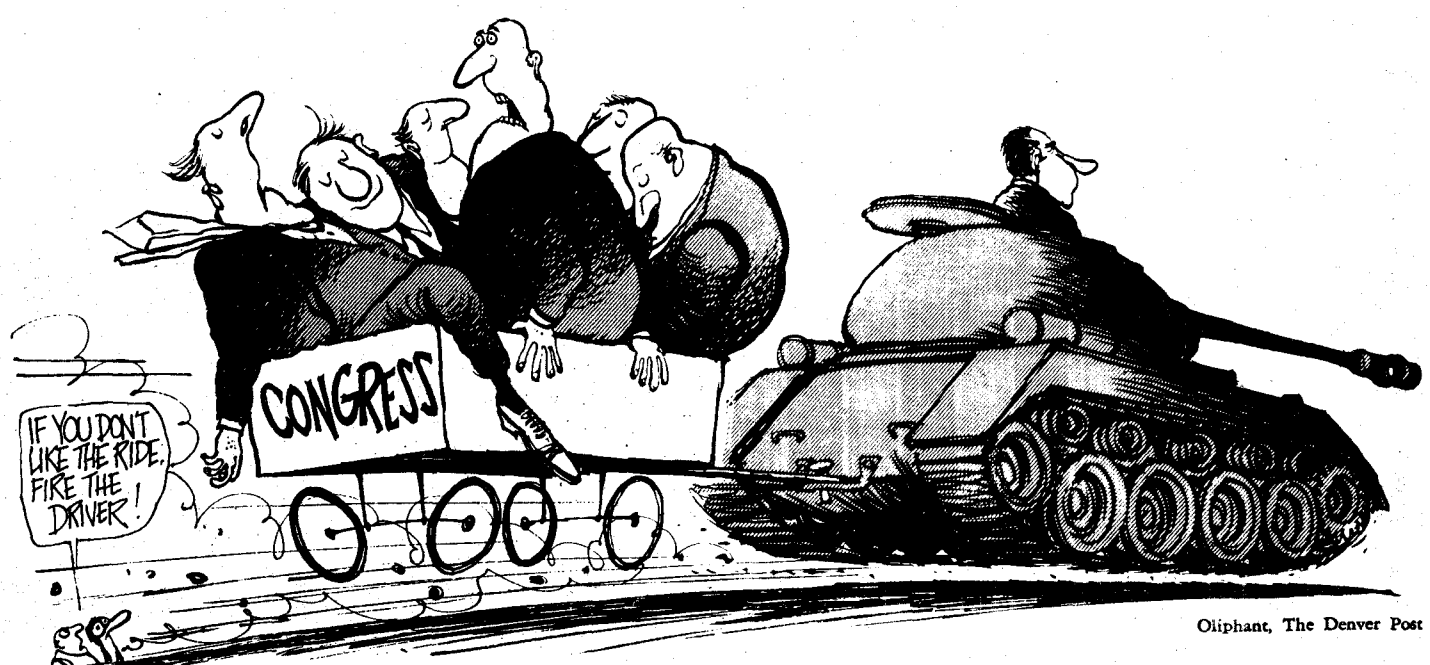
DOVES FOR THE PENTAGON

HARLAN H. VINNEDGE
Mr. Vinnedge is a systems analyst who has in the past worked within the military-industrial complex.

Perhaps the majority of the Senators and Representatives who have led the Congressional opposition to the war in Indochina believe they have made a major contribution toward ending the war. Certainly their speeches and votes helped to educate the people on some of the issues, but they might have been more effective sooner if they had had more concern for the day-to-day Congressional program. By themselves failing to recognize the significance of some of the routine legislation being acted upon, and by granting routine "unanimous consent" to requests to proceed in violation of House and Senate rules, they have let remain in place much of the procedural and legal structure which allowed the intervention in Vietnam to develop.

If, for example, they supported and voted for the fund limit on "Free World Forces" in Southeast Asia, raged against the use of herbicides and anti-personnel weapons, and advocated that investments in companies doing business with the Department of Defense be stopped, it might be wise for them in the coming 93rd Congress to question more closely the purposes served by departing from normal procedure.

Last year both the military procurement authorization and the appropriation legislation contained language limiting the expenditure in support of Vietnamese and other "Free World Forces" in Southeast Asia to $2.5 billion. There was, of course, an escape clause which stated that the restriction did not apply if the funds were used to support U.S. troop withdrawals or to aid in the release of U.S. POWs. This provision is open to such flexible interpretation that the Defense Department now includes it in the draft legislation it submits to the Congress. Though, in fact, the Administration does not trouble to



Oliphant, The Denver Post

"Hey, Wake Up—Where Are We?"

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use the escape offered: in June, when the Department of Defense requested amending legislation to raise the limit for fiscal year 1972 to $2.7 billion, and thus cover money already spent, no reference was made to troop withdrawals or requirements as to the prisoners of war; the money had simply been spent and authorization after the fact was needed.

When the fiscal year 1973 military procurement authorization bill, containing the amended limit, came up in the House, Rep. Otis G. Pike (D., N.Y.), a member of the Armed Services Committee, lamented: "One of the things we are doing in this bill . . . is increasing the amount we can give to Vietnam to fight the war over there. . . . So what difference does it make whether we establish any limits at all—because the money is going to be spent." Pike had previously noted that, although the House was then considering authorizations of more than $21 billion, the chamber was empty save for members of the Armed Services Committee.

Another member of that committee, Rep. Michael J. Harrington (D., Mass.), offered an amendment striking the entire $2.5 billion authorization, but he got no support either from members willing to speak for his amendment or to require a recorded teller vote. Just twenty Congressmen could have forced such a vote, but rather than make a record of the tally on this item, which comprises more than 10 per cent of the total authorization, the House meekly rolled over, passing an authorization and *appropriation* for $200 million retroactive to April 1, 1972. Since to include an appropriation in a legislative bill violates clause 4, rule XXI, all points of order against that section were waived in considering the measure. Once again no voice was raised in protest, although the chairman of the Armed Services Committee had specifically stated last year, during the debate on the Byrd amendment, that he did not want the annual military procurement authorization bill to be considered in violation of the rules of the House.

In June, both houses of Congress passed the Defense Production Act Amendments of 1972 with scarcely a murmur. It may be that the bill seemed inconsequential, since it contains only two sentences; the first extends the life of Section 303(b) of the Defense Production Act of 1950 from June 30, 1975 to June 30, 1985, and the second extends Section 717(a) of the same Act from June 30, 1972 to June 30, 1974. The Senate action on this measure takes up only a few inches in the *Congressional Record*, but the House action, thanks to the intervention of Rep. Durward G. Hall (R., Mo.), another member of the Armed Services Committee, was not quite so *pro forma*. On June 27, Rep. Wright Patman (D., Tex.), chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, had requested unanimous consent to take up the bill just one day after it had been reported, but Representative Hall objected. Chairman Patman tried again the next day and Hall again expressed his objection, but then withdrew it, so that the bill could be passed just two days before Section 717(a) was to expire. Hall's objection was based on the provision in the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1970 requiring that reported bills be in members' hands at least three calendar days before being called up. This delay is to allow the members time to consider committee reports before taking final legislative action on the reported bills. Thus, the day after the House had violated its own rules by appropriating money in a legislative bill, it passed the Defense Production Act Amendments, again in violation of its own rules.

The bland extension of the life of Section 717(a) is of more significance than that of 303(b), for the former section extends the life of most sections of the Act, including Title I. During the course of the war, one tool that has been used by the Presidents is the power to establish priority allocations of matériel, to set aside quantities from civilian production, and to place mandatory rated orders with industry. This authority is derived from Title I, and a casual reading of the annual reports of the Joint Committee on Defense Production demonstrates its consequences.

For example, as early as January 1968, the Joint Committee report detailed the use and procurement requirements for herbicides in Southeast Asia. The fact that the total U.S. production of 2,4,5-T from April 1967 through March 1968, and June 1968 through February 1969, was set aside by rated orders under Sections 101(a) and 103 of Title I can be found in later reports. The two-month pause in procurement during 1968 occurred because the Army determined that it was impossible to spray during the Tet offensive. The 16th annual report, published on January 12, 1967, first noted a critical situation developing in the supply of case-hardened steel balls used in a new series of weapons in Vietnam. The reports also spell out the AID-DOD practice of using rated orders to procure supplies for the counterinsurgency and incipient insurgency programs in Southeast Asia. Section 103 of Title I contains the language that obliges manufacturers to accept and execute these rated orders: any person who attempts to refuse such a rated order thereby subjects himself to a fine of $10,000, a year in prison, or both.

As long as the Congress regularly extends the life of this title, as it has three times in the past two years, it continues the Pentagon's ability to procure and use whatever it deems helpful or interesting in waging war, and renders pointless any attempt to influence defense contractors by threatening to withhold investment money from their businesses.

When the 93rd Congress convenes, a first step can be taken to disassemble the framework that has grown up, allowing the executive branch to operate in many areas with minimal Congressional review. Section 717 (b) (1) and (2) gives the Congress the authority to terminate the Defense Production Act or any section thereof by means of a concurrent resolution. Terminating or modifying Title I, in particular, would not prevent further executive interventions; but it would make it considerably more difficult to wage wars directly and would insure that the Department of Defense can never again, on its own authority and without Congressional review, seize the entire production of a herbicide or force contractors to fill orders. In addition, in the 93rd and future Congresses, the delegation of Congressional authority to individual committees ought to be curtailed. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Tour of the Whole Circle of Knowledge

KENNETH REXROTH

Mr. Rexroth's book, translated in collaboration with Ms. Ling Chung, and scheduled for publication before the end of the year, is The Orchid Boat—Chinese Women Poets *(McGraw-Hill).*

SCIENCE AND CIVILISATION IN CHINA. Volume 4: Physics and Physical Technology; Part III: Civil Engineering and Nautics. *By Joseph Needham with the collaboration of Wang Ling and Lu Gwei-Djen. Cambridge University Press (1971). 931 pp. $55.*

CLERKS AND CRAFTSMEN IN CHINA AND THE WEST. *By Joseph Needham with the collaboration of Wang Ling, Lu Gwei-Djen and Ho Ping-yü. Cambridge University Press (1970). 470 pp. $22.50.*

THE GRAND TITRATION: Science and Society in East and West. *By Joseph Needham. Allen & Unwin (London, 1969). University of Toronto Press. 350 pp. $12.50.*

WITHIN THE FOUR SEAS: The Dialogue of East and West. *By Joseph Needham. Allen & Unwin (London, 1969). 228 pp.*

One of the more foolish controversies of our day was the Two Cultures slanging match between Charles Snow and F. R. Leavis. Snow's opening point seems to have been that physicists seldom got invited to stately home weekends by poetic duchesses, or poets by physical duchesses, and that modern civilization was becoming so overspecialized that it could no longer produce Leonardo da Vincis or Goethes, and that the social ambience from cocktail parties to employment agencies was dead set against the "generalist." Leavis responded like an outraged high school English teacher whose favorite sports were chanting H.D.'s "The Orchard" to tittering adolescents, going to poetry readings at the Y, and having nice discussions about what the book reviews in the *Kenyon Review* really meant.

All the assumptions were false. All around Charles Snow at Cambridge were men of far broader scientific and humanistic culture than a dozen Goethes and Leonardo da Vincis rolled into one. Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, Joseph Needham's mentor, or J. D. Bernal and his many descendants, or the radical cosmologist Fred Hoyle and all his associates—dozens of others (is Bronowski a Cambridge man?). Cambridge swarms with generalists. And of course the term generalists itself is American business administration argot invented by the top boys in the personnel department who are always on the lookout for them. It is easier to get a job at the top of some businesses today with a Greek distich than with a slipstick. Somehow Charles Snow had not noticed the seller's market in generalists. He hadn't noticed Caius College either. It's the smallest at Cambridge, and easily overlooked, but it houses Joseph Needham who knows well about a hundred more different things than ever did Leonardo da Vinci.

It is important to start talking about Joseph Needham in these terms, because his masterpiece, the history of science and civilization in China, is itself a great and vastly significant generalization made up of innumerable particulars and specificities, which, as it is evolving at present, promises to run to 10,000 pages. This is the set of Joseph Needham's mind—"What is the overall significance of the minute particulars?" He is engaged in what is called an encyclopedic work, but it is an encyclopedia like Diderot's or the Ninth Britannica, in, literally, the last analysis, its own synthesis—*engkyklios paideia*—wisdom gained from a tour of the whole circle of knowledge, using Werner Jaeger's sense of *paideia*.

But this is the way Needham's mind has always worked. He began to come to the attention of the public some forty years or so ago with essays on what used to be called emergent evolution. The appearance of novelty in a universe assumed to be mechanistic. The change from fact to value, from quantity to quality. In 1926, he contributed an essay, "Biochemistry and Mental Phenomena," to Canon Raven's *The Creator Spirit,* subtitled "A survey of Christian doctrine in the light of biology, psychology and mysticism"; in 1925 he edited a symposium, *Science, Religion and Reality,* with a similar essay by himself, "Mechanistic Biology and the Religious Consciousness," reprinted with his approval in 1955. In a new introductory essay to that volume, George Sarton closes with a quotation from Canon Streeter, "Science is the great cleanser of the human spirit, it makes impossible any religion but the highest," and a statement by Einstein that mysticism is the sower of all true art and science. So Joseph Needham appears first with what used to be called natural theology, seeking the synthesis that lies at the end of all analysis—what is the significance of infinite fact, the meaning of meaning? He was a biologist and biochemist, and it is not surprising that his evolving philosophy should resemble Alfred North Whitehead's metaphysical, or should we say, ontological, "organism."

Reading over these old essays one cannot fail to be impressed by how immensely learned Needham was as a very young man. How had he found time in a scientific and medical education to read Tertullian, Lao-tze and Lotze, Sir Thomas Browne, the pre-Socratic philosophers, Paracelsus, Driesch, Ralph Cudworth, along with a wide variety of the founding fathers of modern biology? Since his essays were quasi-historical, he managed to do this without parading names. What he says is always relevant and illuminating, and original. The originality lies in his overall philosophy, which already begins to emerge as occupying a special region between Whitehead's organic philosophy and a highly refined dialectical materialism.

Until he undertook the vast China book Needham was best known for his classic works, *Chemical Embryology, Biochemistry and Morphogenesis,* and especially his *History of Embryology,* "a truly magisterial work, not soon to be superseded," to use reviewers' jargon, but accurately and justly. Again, what is impressive about these books is their synthesizing vision, and Needham's abiding sense that the details of the history of a science add up to profound meanings.

Distance lends perspective. Perspective synthesizes and deepens meaning. If a perfectly competent human being with a profound mind were to write a 10,000-page work on the science and civilization of the great plasma animals who in science fiction inhabit the sun, he would come up with something that from the human point of view would be a novel philosophy, a new meaning of meaning. The Chinese aren't all that different, but different they are, enough so that in understanding their value sys-

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tem our own Western scale, or rather lattice, of value subtly shifts, never to be quite the same again. This is what Needham has accomplished and he is only halfway through.

There is nothing like the general history of another culture to provide us, in our own time and space province, with a novel synthesis that restates and revalues our own basic cultural assumptions. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* almost half of it concerned with the history of Byzantine civilization, as unlike 18th-century Europe as might be imagined, is in fact the most perfect and comprehensive statement of "the eighteenth century world view," and probably also that period's greatest work of art. Needham's book has the same stunning relevance. There is no work on Chinese civilization in any language that will remotely compare with it once it is finished, and there are few works which better show our own culture at its best, or which raise those best qualities to newer heights. Those new heights are reached by forcing us to discard all the baggage of our own conceit. Not the least of Needham's accomplishments has been his effect upon official, academic Sinology, a narrow, nitpicking "discipline" if ever there was one. It has taken more than ten years for him to be widely accepted by the Sinological academy, who at first seemed to think they would be able to sniff him away. Partly this has been due to the cold war and the yellow peril. Needham has always been a defender of the People's Republic and even worse, more or less a Marxist, although of an unorthodox kind—a kind that would not be accepted, by the way, if he were a Chinese professor in Peking. The only equivocation in all his work is his dodging of the orthodox dogma that China was "feudal" up until 1948. Needham politely goes his own way, avoiding the blind alleys of the wilder Maoist interpretations of Chinese philosophy and history which change with the exigencies of the moment.

The first volume is introductory. It has chapters on bibliography, on special problems of the Chinese language, geography, geology, history and prehistory, and the diffusion, migration and interaction of ideas and inventions between China and the West. Not one of these subjects but is full of booby traps for the rash. Needham avoids them all.

The second volume is the best guide to Chinese philosophy in any language, including Chinese. This judgment may be influenced by my own taste. I too am sympathetic to philosophical Taoism. The volume concludes with a section on human law and natural law in China and the West, embodying a basic judgment which pervades the entire work: that ideas of creation out of nothing, of a divine legislator, of Absolute Being over against utter contingency, are unknown or repugnant to Chinese philosophy, even to Chinese Buddhism, as codified law is unknown to Chinese jurisprudence, and that therefore Chinese scientific and social thought has been far more organic than mechanical, permissive than authoritarian, in its interpretation of nature's ways.

Volume 3 was *Mathematics and the Sciences of the Heavens and the Earth.* Volume 4 has so far run to three separate books—Part I, Physics; Part II, Mechanical Engineering; Part III, Civil Engineering and Nautics—a total of 2,124 pages devoted to physics and technology alone. Still to come is Part IV, at least another book devoted to military technology, textiles, paper and printing. Then will come Volume V, Chemistry and Industrial Chemistry; Volume VI, Biology, Agriculture and Medicine; Volume VII, The Social Background. How many pages all this will run to cannot even be guessed, for the work swells as it grows. Each section turns out to be bigger than planned. It will be, when

Two Poems by C. P. Cavafy

Translated from the Greek

by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard

THE SATRAPY

Too bad that, cut out as you are
for grand and noble things,
this unfair fate of yours
never gives you a chance, never provides what you want;
that cheap habits get in your way,
pettiness and indifference.
And how terrible the day you give in
(the day you let go and give in)
and take the road for Susa
to find King Artaxerxes,
who graciously gives you a place in his court
and offers you satrapies and things like that—
things you don't want at all,
though, in despair, you accept them just the same.
You're longing for something else, aching for other things:
praise from the crowd and the Sophists,
that hard-won, that priceless acclaim—
the Agora, the theatre, the crowns of laurel.
You can't get any of this from Artaxerxes,
you'll never find any of these in the satrapy,
and without them, what kind of life will you live?

BODY, REMEMBER . . .

Body, remember not only how much you were loved,
not only the beds you lay on,
but also those desires glowing openly
in eyes that looked at you,
trembling for you in voices that spoke to you—
only some chance obstacle frustrated them.
Now that it's all finally in the past,
it seems almost as if you gave yourself
to those desires too—how they glowed,
remember, in eyes that looked at you,
remember, body, how they trembled for you in those voices.

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completed, far bigger than any of the committee-written Cambridge Histories. Yet unlike them, it is continuously interesting to any literate person, and it is written in a luminous expository prose. I for one await each volume the way I wait for the biennial utterances of Georges Simenon, and I certainly find Needham equally absorbing, although I cannot say that I ever had a passionate interest in the technical details of shipbuilding or the operation of bullock-powered mills. I certainly gained such interest in the pages of Needham. Some of Needham's information is intrinsically exciting—for instance, the story of mammoth Chinese ships cruising the east coast of Africa and turning the Cape of Good Hope and venturing into the Atlantic before ever Vasco da Gama came the other way.

Too much of a chauvinistic struggle for "firsts" prevails in the history of science. The combative claims of the Russians in the years just before the death of Stalin to have invented everything from the safety pin to the computer are a good example of this kind of national inferiority complex. Needham has no need to be controversial. He has the evidence. The Chinese were the first accurate astronomical observers anywhere before the High Renaissance. Systematic records of solar eclipses begin in 1361 B.C.; of Halley's comet in 467 B.C.; of sunspots in 28 B.C. In addition there are records of the appearance of novas and supernovas which may date back to the beginnings of Chinese civilization. Accurate measurement of time with an escapement to control the release of energy was perfected by 723 A.D. The Chinese first discovered a sculling oar, essentially a propeller, and had treadmill-operated paddle wheel vessels at least as early as the 15th century A.D. Chinese junks were the first to have rigging that would sail into the wind, and the first sternpost rudders. As is well known, the Chinese were the first to use the mariner's compass, but they were already experimenting with magnetism at the beginning of the Christian era. Needham has yet to publish what may be the most exciting volume of all, on medicine, but *Clerks and Craftsmen* and *The Grand Titration*, especially the former, describe the ancient Chinese treatment of deficiency diseases with vitamin-rich diet, of the use of iodine-rich seaweed for the treatment of goiter, of placental preparations for hormonal disorders, and of androgens and estrogens purified from urine for sexual deficiencies. Ancient Chinese pharmacy included *Ephedra sinica*, the source of ephedrine, and Rauwolfia, the source of a number of modern tranquilizers, as well as an extensive armamentarium of metallic salts long before such preparations were introduced in Europe by Paracelsus in the 16th century. The list goes on and on—the wheelbarrow, porcelain, silk technology, the mill wheel, the paddle wheel, paper making, the windmill, gunpowder, cast iron (perfected by the Chinese before the Christian era), printing from movable types, the iron chain suspension bridge, deep well drilling, an efficient horse harness and the modern horse collar, and of course acupuncture, suddenly become a Western fad. There are other marginally scientific activities like alchemy which the Chinese may have invented, both the physical and spiritual varieties, and the geomantic location of buildings—a subject by no means as superstitious as it might seem. In addition there is the immense achievement of hydraulic engineering—canals for navigation, drainage and irrigation—far surpassing anything known in the West until the mid-19th century, and, intimately related to the canal system, a regional and provincial hierarchy of "ever normal granaries" which, until its breakdown in modern times, insured the Chinese against the worst effects of their erratic climate.

People who started to read *Science and Civilisation* as it came out are lucky. Already, sitting down to read through the four volumes is a formidable, intimidating prospect. Nevertheless, anyone who wishes to call himself a Sinologist is going to be compelled to, and anyone who really wants to understand China would be well advised to do so. Once settled in to the task, it should be anything but boring. Other people may find the collection of lectures and articles that have been spun off from the main work less frightening—*Within the Four Seas, The Grand Titration* and *Clerks and Craftsmen in China and the West.* Some of these papers are at least as technical as the history, but most of them are popular expositions of widely assorted aspects of Chinese culture, or are essays in general conclusions. Each is separate and self-contained and can be read at one sitting. So the collections form a satisfying introduction. It's a little like reading a book of Balzac's short stories. There is an irresistible temptation to go on, to set aside a winter's evening and read the *Comédie Humaine* from end to end. Needham incidentally is far better at short essays than Balzac was at short stories. Finally, Volume II of *Science and Civilisation,* on the history of scientific thought and philosophy, is an essential part of the education of everyone interested in China, philosophy, science, religion or thought—it comes close to providing a universally negotiable life philosophy. □

No Time for Politics

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Mr. Saroyan's latest book is Places Where I've Done Time *(Praeger). The following is Scene 9 (of 38) of a new play entitled* Popular American Propositions.

Man. Now, this is confidential, don't let anybody hear about this, nobody in the family, nobody out of the family, not your mother, not your sister, not the kids, nobody.

Wife. What is it, for heaven's sake? Have you killed somebody?

Man. Oh, don't be silly. Why would I kill anybody? You know my policy. Live and let live.

Wife. Well, thank God for that, but what is it?

Man. They are thinking of me in connection with the election, and they have been asking me questions about the family.

Wife. What election? What's the family got to do with the election?

Man. Quiet, not so loud. The national election, once every four years. And of course they want to know if the family background is of the sort that is likely to win the affection of the majority of the voters.

Wife. What are you talking about, please? You've never had the remotest connection with politics. And you're not a college professor. And not a multimillionaire who has donated great sums of money to the party. Why would they seek out a writer of poems, for heaven's sake, and poems that don't even rhyme? I swear, I wish you would lay off the sing-song chanting style you have when you recite your poems, and just write poems that rhyme so that it isn't necessary for you to be such an actor when you get up in front of an audience of women at the City Lecture Club and go to work impressing them that you are the real thing.

Man. Will you please keep it down a little? Where are the kids? I don't want them to hear any of this. My poems have interior rhythms.

Wife. Oh, that's something you read in a review. You showed me the review. It was by a writer in a little town in

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Arkansas who turned out to be an old woman who also doesn't know how to write poems but is President of the Poetry Club. Good heavens, interior rhythms. Chock chick chock chick, is that what you mean? That poem drives me mad, and you are always reciting it.

Man. Only by popular demand. If the people must have my Surrey Ride on a Rainy Day, who am I to deny them? Chock chick chock chick, challop challik challop challik.

Wife. Oh, please, don't, the children may hear you and run away from home.

Man. Since Walt Whitman I am the singer of the nation, the bard of the common people, the enemy of big money and baloney.

Wife. Big money and baloney? What's that? Are you writing?

Man. The fact is I've only just finished this new poem, shall you be the first to hear it?

Wife. I shall *not*—please. I really don't want to hear about big money and baloney. You came in here and scared me half to death with some super-secret news of some kind, so stick to that please, plenty of time for big money and baloney.

Man. You're quite right, you're quite right. You do have the wisdom in this family, my dear, I've always said that, I have the genius, you the wisdom, this is no time for me to go shooting off the mouth about big money and baloney.

Wife. Yes, well just what kind of time is this? Just tell me straight out, and then tell me what it's got to do with you, and therefore me, and therefore the kids.

Man. They're thinking of me—get ready for this, my dear—for the highest office in the land.

Wife. Who is? And what office do you mean? Poet Laureate, as in England?

Man. The party leaders. The office of President.

Wife. Forget it, go take a walk, work out a new jingle of some kind, just forget it.

Man. No, they're serious.

Wife. Go write a poem, get out of here, I thought you had killed Franklin Delano or somebody. □

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The Uses of Orderly Pessimism

REFLECTIONS ON THE CAUSES OF HUMAN MISERY AND UPON CERTAIN PROPOSALS TO ELIMINATE THEM. *By Barrington Moore, Jr. Beacon Press. 201 pp. $7.95.*

TODD GITLIN

Mr. Gitlin is co-author of Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago *and editor of* Campfires of the Resistance: Poetry from the Movement. *He teaches at the New College of California State University, San Jose.*

Ten years ago, during the Cuban missile crisis, Barrington Moore, Jr., made a speech to a Harvard University protest rally. Moore was not a familiar figure at protest podiums; it had come as a surprise to the rally organizers (of whom I was one) that he had agreed to speak at all. His speech was, by the standards of 1962, remarkable. He called the United States of America "a bastion of reaction." He bid us look at Cuba's revolution as the root of the issue, and located it in the trajectory begun by the French and continued by the Russian and Chinese revolutions. He called for "destructive criticism of a destructive system," the American, and said that our fledgling, basically liberal peace movement would fail unless we could achieve "simultaneous revolutions in the United States and the Soviet Union." This at a time when the limit of practical politics seemed to be the Senatorial campaign of H. Stuart Hughes.

The speech sent my friends and me into an intellectual frenzy. We had been strenuously resisting left-wing analyses of the Kennedy situation, but finally one such analysis had been detonated in our midst at the right time. Many of us can date our leftward evolution from that moment, from that memorably crisp speech by a man who dressed like a banker. Did Barrington Moore, Jr., know then that "revolution" was to become the decade's cliché—and that he might later have to write a book in order to demystify it?

From a kind of zeal in a time of desperation to pessimism after a time of naive hope. Moore insists on letting his arguments take him where they will. Having established himself originally as a Soviet expert, he went on to produce a piece of theory, *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy* (1966) which is a major contribution to the study of the social preconditions of political systems—one of the more persuasive post-Marxist attempts at grand theory. And now Moore, like many other political theorists, feels compelled to address those issues generated by the young radical effusion of the past decade. His response is that of the teacher who says to his students, "All right, you've come this far; now you'd better think about *this*." At times he seems to be straining to dispel what remains of radical hope. But because his arguments are often so cogent, it is illuminating to encounter them directly, in this book, rather than experience them as diffuse, lingering doubts.

Moore's plausible pessimism could, I suppose, be interpreted as a scholarly confirmation of a new mood of broken hopes. But it would be a mistake to see *Reflections on the Causes of Human Misery* as a new *End of Ideology*. Moore does not regard America's social business as anywhere near finished or manageable. Yet wherever he looks for plausible political solutions, he sees an impasse. In a sense he is calling not for an end but for a revitalization of ideology, and the stakes are very high: "I believe very firmly that unless future radical movements can somehow synthesize the achievements of liberalism with those of revolutionary radicalism, the results for humanity will be tragic." Without civil liberties, revolutionary transformation is tyranny (Moore is haunted, of course, by the Soviet experience, but oddly enough says little about the Chinese); without control over economic and military power, liberalism is a cover for imperialism and exploitation. Moore does not pilot a way

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between these reefs, but he insists they are real enough.

The opening chapters are general considerations about the nature of institutionally rooted misery. (Moore does not talk about "personal" unhappiness, which he thinks "is probably an inevitable part of human fate." Thus he casually dismisses a host of arguments about the specific origins of such things as anxiety, family conflict and neurosis.) Nevertheless, one notable strand of his argument is that aggression is not an instinct embedded in unchangeable human nature. Rather "[aggressive] behavior is the product of social organization itself." The competing sovereignties of distinct social organizations generate feelings of scarcity, rather than the other way around. Much current utopian speculation, such as that of Murray Bookchin, rests on a belief that scarcity, the root of exploitation and war, is historically obsolete. Moore belongs to an earlier tradition that sees social organization as being grounded in antagonism toward an outside enemy. If this pessimism is arguable, Moore defends it too sweepingly. Firstly, even if antagonism of that kind is taken for granted as a necessary feature of human affairs, it is theoretically possible that the *means* of conflict may nevertheless be deliberately regulated and limited. Secondly, it may well be that certain forms of organization are intrinsically less aggressive than others—but Moore does not explore the variables. Here as elsewhere he is inclined to an all-or-nothing approach. Either a proposal will end misery or it won't; either condition X produces evil Y or it doesn't. The logician excludes too many possibilities. That war making may be an inherent feature of sovereign nation-states, and economic, religious and moral motives the fuel only for *particular* wars, as Moore argues, need not mean that particular wars cannot be averted.

At this point Moore proceeds to an abstract examination and dismissal of some classic radical solutions. First, the syndicalism that takes its inspiration from Yugoslavia, neighborhood corporations, and the IWW vision. Workers' self-management, he says, is only "a device to oppose the abuses of the powers that be, capitalist or socialist. It is not a possible substitute for a central authority." Second, socialism, which historically has not been able to control its controllers. And third, anarchism: "The control of rivalries generated by the existence of independent political units, the actual form of Hobbes's state of nature, seems to me the most formidable difficulty that neo-anarchism would have to overcome if it ever rose to the level of a realistic alternative to the status quo." In order to keep conflict within tolerable bounds, there would have to be a regulatory "invisible hand": "a moral code shared by all of the new communities.... Obviously nothing of the sort is remotely in sight at present. Nevertheless one cannot rule it out as a remote possibility and as perhaps the only way of maintaining peace and order in a very crowded world." As for some blending of these remedies, Moore dismisses the prospect very quickly—in a footnote. It is at this point that his global political conceptions are most affected by all-or-nothingism. Moore wants to give away his cake and fail to eat it too.

The chapter on intellectual liberty explores the conditions for rational inquiry and a "critical university." This covers fairly familiar ground: intellectual freedom is its own reason for being. In general Moore argues that unpleasant truths had better be known so that we might have some hope of minimizing their consequences—not a very powerful argument, I should think, against the Grand Inquisitor. For his utilitarian argument, though, there is plenty of historical warrant; attempts to expunge heresy are either ineffective or self-defeating. (Not only was the Inquisition cruel, ultimately it didn't work.) And liberalism, the toleration of heresy, is not, Moore argues powerfully, a mere "bourgeois right." Rather, "the fact that [movements of legitimate opposition] go back at least twenty-five centuries in time, that they recur under very widely differing historical circumstances, indicates that liberal theory and practice meet some form of felt necessity quite independent of capitalism and industrialism. . . ." (This coincides with the valiant position taken by President Allende of Chile, who has insisted that civil liberties are "achievements of the whole people," and not to be annulled by socialism.) But Moore does grant that one condition for intellectual liberty is the absence of external threat. The conditions he specifies here are as far from being realized at present as are the conditions he specifies for rational society in general.

As for the university, Moore endorses that liberal conception which "is something to strive for, not celebrate," the free marketplace of ideas in which poor wares do not drive out better. He wants a university that "would be much more elitist and rather less snobbish than what exists," but does not refute radical arguments to the effect that the university has certain immediate social functions which give it neither the advantages of the kind of elitism that Moore has in mind nor those it might enjoy if it were dedicated directly to advancing human welfare. The discussion on this point seems to me somewhat disjointed and inconclusive.

When Moore gets down to cases, in his analysis of present-day America and in his speculations about the future, he is at his most disputatious and interesting, though at times he chooses to direct his fire at the thinner radical clichés, as if radicalism were nothing more than its slogans and emotional outbursts. He rebuts the straw-man proposition that poverty is increasing; but he uses only income statistics, not the statistics that reveal how the percentage of national wealth controlled by the poor is virtually unchanging. And he does not address the radical charge of the immiseration of social and cultural life; his definition of "misery" is here too narrow. Likewise he feels compelled to argue that America does not bear "the main responsibility for misery and starvation in the economically backward parts of the world." On this point he is persuasive, but a radicalism which depended on such an assertion would be fragile indeed. Moore then comments more usefully on a variety of proposed radical theories of imperialism. Does American capitalism "depend for its very existence on exploiting and perpetuating the misery of the economically backward countries"? Radicals have usually

RETURN

As through the dark
Fluid of a dream

Shoals of light
And life spurt and

Disappear again into
Sunk pools, dark

Eddying nets of flesh,
A tangle of odours and

Taste on the brink
Of its being so fragile

In the living darkness
It inhabits as not to exist

At all, or simply
And completely as belief

Itself, a dream of dark waters
Beyond life or death

Were it not for those odd
Sudden tremors I do not cause,

These sudden splinters
Of light, this tearing

Exquisite as pain telling me
Now, and now, and now, that I believe.

Richard Ryan

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answered in the affirmative. Moore's rebuttals—of Kolko, Magdoff, Baran and Sweezy, and Marcuse—are too detailed to summarize here, but deserve very close attention from those who think seriously about imperialism. Nevertheless, Moore does after all—and belatedly—affirm the obvious: that imperialism does contribute both to American wealth—differentially according to economic sector, and of course according to social class—and to the misery of the rest of the world. Whether it is "necessary" or not, whether capitalism could dispense with imperialism and still remain capitalism, strikes me as one of those questions to which some radicals would prefer the grimmer answer, rather than accepting the more minimal but unexceptionable proposition that American capitalism generates a *drive* toward imperialism which can, perhaps, be limited, contained, blunted by anti-imperialist political pressures. The test of the *necessity* of imperialism is finally in the realm of political action.

Similarly, Moore argues that military spending is not crucial to the corporate economy. It is beyond my competence to evaluate his argument, but again his *obiter dictum* on the subject strikes me as being more to the point than that argument in general:

> The loss of military contracts would have a vital effect on *some* big firms, and damaging effect on numerous others. If so, and more important still, if the corresponding gains from reducing dependence on the military are relatively small and widely distributed, that would be quite enough to explain the very powerful momentum that the military interest has acquired. Once again the discussion takes us back to the importance of any lack of organized and effective opposition.

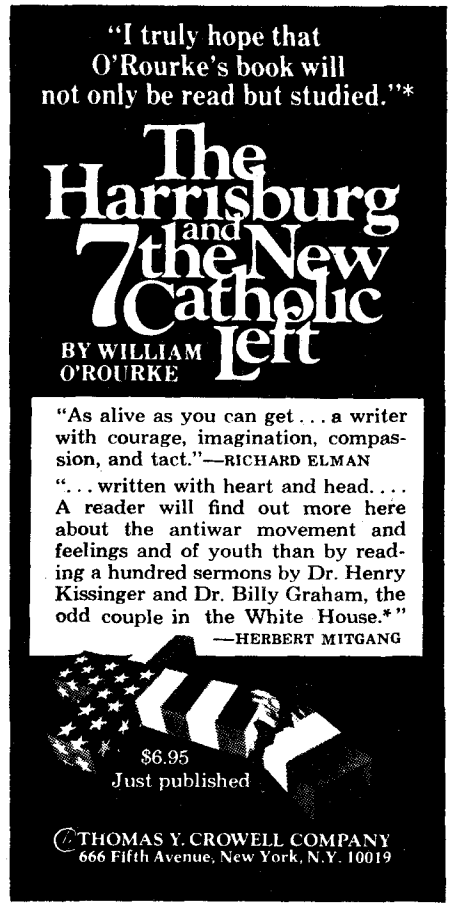
His summary may be taken as one of the few rousing notes in an otherwise gloomy book:

> Though the forces that push American society in the direction of domination and oppression are indeed powerful, they do not constitute some sort of insuperable imperative built into the very structure of its social order. The predatory solution to its domestic social problems is neither a necessary solution, nor the only solution. Rather it is merely the most obvious one, and in the short run, the pleasantest, easiest and cheapest for a very large number of American citizens. . . . What force and consistency there is to predatory policies comes, I think, less from any overwhelmingly powerful structural impetus behind them, than it does from the incoherence, apathy, and disarray of those who would benefit from different policies.

Arousing, that is, to those who hope for effective and sweeping social change short of revolution—a number that probably includes a great many persons for whom the apocalyptic revolutionary vision has now faded or vanished completely.

Moore's own implicit preference is for what he calls liberalism-with-a-difference, "a liberalism that lives up to its rhetoric instead of using it as a cover for imperialism"—something considerably to the left of the McGovern program. This reformism would appeal to some sectors of some classes, but not, Moore thinks, to an ascending and confident class parallel to the English middle class that brought in liberal reforms in the early 19th century. It would require a suppleness of purpose that may be lacking on the part of the only elite capable of entertaining such goals. And it would require a certain charitable attitude on the part of insurgents—an attitude which, Moore notes, seems to be succumbing to polarization. (It is not yet clear whether the McGovern campaign will reverse that thrust.) Moore seems to me right in thinking that "if liberalism-with-a-difference . . . fails to achieve at least some concrete and striking success on the national level fairly soon, the polarization will probably intensify with disastrous results. More and more people will not want 'reform,' they will want something totally different." Which is as likely to be withdrawal into privatism or reaction as revolution, at least in the short run.

As for a revolutionary situation, Moore believes it is not likely—within any foreseeable future—nor likely to turn out well even if the necessary conditions for revolution are met. These conditions are a decay in the legitimacy of governing ideas, a very sharp split in the ruling class, a loss of its control over army and police, and a breakdown in urban life. It should be recognized that the first and second by themselves are also conditions of major reform, and that decay in the legitimacy of ruling ideas by itself, without a coherent body of radical alternatives, leads merely to chaos. The first is under way, the second seems at this moment remote, and as for the third, the army has proved unreliable *under certain circumstances* (Vietnam), while the police are more reliable than ever. With regard to the fourth, unless the other conditions come first, it implies disaster and suffering, revolutionary *Putsch* or not. Moore argues convincingly that models of revolution taken from essentially rural countries simply cannot be transposed to urban settings. There are no potentially "liberated areas" in a nation that is unified by technology—except, perhaps, as bases of *reform,* as in campus communities like Berkeley. Moreover, community-control movements militate more for reform than for revolution—again, in any foreseeable future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—and Moore is skeptical about their ability to achieve a series of "nonreformist reforms" of the sort André Gorz proposes for workers' movements. The only event that might slice through Moore's skepticism would be the revival of an authentic Left workers' movement, and the revival of ideas of bottom-up revolutionary organization as an alternative to the dreary history of vanguard parties. (There are interesting speculations about the possibility of such a movement in the August issue of *Liberation.*) But even this would be no more likely to contribute to revolution than to reform. Indeed Moore believes that "the movement may act as the radical fire under liberal reforms—a bitter disappointment to many of its proponents, but of considerable benefit to humanity." Finally, though, he is led to conclude that prolongation of the present chaos is more likely than either reaction, reform or revolution.

Speculation about the future is, of course, cheap. The virtue of Moore's discussion is that he is lucid about the *conditions* for change. The argument about radical possibilities will of course continue, but a close reading of the final chapter of *Reflections* could inform that argument with more precision than it has so far enjoyed. Finally Moore's pessimism could have a tonic effect on the

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Left. A radicalism that attempts to deal with his arguments could become less rhetorical, less prone to excess, better aligned with real possibilities than before. This disquieting book clarifies many of the questions that haunt the radical imagination. More than a hundred self-congratulatory polemics, it raises those most urgent and useful arguments: arguments with oneself. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The narrative matter of Buñuel's *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* is the desire of the Sénéchals, the Thevenots and their closest friends to dine agreeably together. That project should offer no great difficulty to members of the class which these couples represent so elegantly, but alas it never occurs. In a first draft of this notice I had cited the succession of contretemps which prevent it; it is an entertaining catalogue, which I was reluctant to drop, but it would be an injustice to Buñuel to rob him of his surprises.

However, there are two general points to be made about these variations on frustration, the first and obvious one being that they could occur only in a dream. The dreamer is the Ambassador from Miranda, a close friend of both couples; indeed, he is a business associate of Sénéchal and Thevenot—they are engaged in smuggling cocaine via the Mirandan diplomatic pouch—and the lover of Madame Thevenot. And the Ambassador, who serves his country's military dictatorship with implacable good manners supported by a quick resort to firearms (at least while dreaming), is a virtuoso dreamer in the sense that he incorporates into his own dream subsidiary dreams which his subconscious invents for his friends, and on one occasion a dream by M. Thevenot which subsumes a dream by M. Sénéchal. If that sounds excessively mazelike for satiric comedy, I must assure you that, such is Buñuel's wizard command of cinematic juxtapositions, the proceedings are delightfully clear, as well as light and witty.

The other generalization is that the episodes within this ever shifting cat's cradle of restless sleep, while prodigiously varied and stunningly unpredictable, remain in one area of human concern: they all deal, one way or another, with unexpected violence, sudden death, abrupt loss of identity. And, of course, the dreamed of and dreaming dreamers never enjoy the meal for which they so obsessively plan. The bourgeoisie know that the crust beneath their feet is thin; it is their discreet charm that they do not allow the knowledge to disrupt their exterior life of graceful behavior displayed in splendid surroundings.

By setting his film in the surreal world of dreaming, Buñuel casts himself as a jester rather than an Old Testament prophet, crying "Woe, woe." Awake, this assemblage might have been too much for the old man's equanimity; while they sleep, it is enough that he skip about them, poking them keenly with his rattle. Surrealism is nothing new to the screen, or to Buñuel, but what is at least unusual is that it comes here unembellished by vapors or bizarre disruptions of the natural order. Continuity and probability go by the board, but there is no experimentation with the geometry of experience. That decision, to stay real within fancy, gives the picture both its lucidity and its bite.

Buñuel is rather severe with his bourgeoisie—his text abounds with cuts that evoke barks of laughter from the alert in the audience—but he does give them credit for courage and thorough schooling in the discipline of their class. They can be rude, but not to one another; they are selfish, but indulgent of each other's self-concern, and if they ever ride the tumbrils you may be sure that they will be dressed for the occasion. I think myself that the Spanish director is a little too fair to his French establishmentarians. I don't get about in their limousines, but it would surprise me if they were typically that loyal to the dressage of their society.

I wonder also if the dope smuggling was a good strategy for the purpose of the picture. For one thing, it introduces a strategy of real danger into what Buñuel otherwise clearly intended to be the hellish boredom of lives spent waiting for dinner to be served. For another, it makes evasion easy. One may say, "Yes, the maid looks very much like our Yvonne, the drawing room drapes are certainly familiar, and those are the very words and gestures with which we greet our friends; but we do not gather behind locked doors to share out pounds of contraband, and we do not whisper 'police?' when the doorbell sounds. That Spaniard is more impudent than informed." And it would be true, I think; the bourgeoisie, as a class, is not engaged that immediately in the life of crime.

But then neither were many bourgeois gentlemen as extravagantly gullible as M. Jourdain, yet Molière blew a gale of laughter through the salons from which their occupants never entirely recovered. I hear that *The Discreet Charm* has aroused a good deal of indignation in some sectors of M. Pompidou's Paris, so probably Buñuel needs no correction from me.

In any case, we others, who do not possess the variety of charm under examination and who have never employed a "worker bishop" to tend our gardens (the director's current allusion to his standing feud with the Church) can laugh in relative security that we ourselves are not what's so funny.

I should mention the principals, who give this film the polish and sparkle that are possible only when intelligent actors are employed in congenial work: the Sénéchals are Jean-Pierre Cassel and Stéphane Audran; the Thevenots are Paul Frankeur and Delphine Seyrig; Fernando Rey plays the Ambassador and Julien Bertheau the Bishop. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Pippin, a musical comedy with book by Roger Hirson, tunes and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, marks a victory of production over material (Imperial Theatre). Its scenery is designed by Tony Walton, its costumes by Patricia Zipprodt, its lighting by Jules Fisher; its gorgeous girls were designed by God. All are admirably coordinated through Bob Fosse's fluent and inventive direction, which gives the show a substance its premise indicates but does not possess.

Pippin, son of Charlemagne, aspires to surpass his kingly father's fame. Papa is a great warrior; Pippin will be a great pacifist; papa is a dictator, his son would be a "democrat." But the boy is an ordinary fellow and soon learns that to change the world in the direction he envisages is virtually impossible. Worse still, he begins to doubt that his attempts at reform are worth the effort. At the conclusion of the episodes, which picture the futility of Pippin's bid for historical renown, he has become the husband of a simple woman and the father of an "average" family. When asked what he feels, he answers, "trapped." The stage at this point is naked, shorn of all its previous display and glamour.

This is department store existentialism. It implies that ordinary men can accomplish nothing of a heroic nature, but must content themselves with the bare satisfaction of their mates and progeny which, as the old phrase had it, are "a ball and chain." That, "subliminally," is what the tale conveys, but no one bothers to realize its import—which is just as well,

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since none of it is more than a passing joke. The plot is schematized in rapid, banal scenes relieved by the physical splendor of spectacle. The "philosophical" or "socially significant" moments are not only dull but at times positively embarrassing. Even the show's ingenuity—there are several clever ploys—finally threatens to become wearisome because of the inner emptiness.

But credit where credit is due. The performing team—particularly Ben Vereen, the commentator in modern clothes, who moves beautifully and is endowed with infectious verve—does everything possible to keep one's interest alive. Bob Fosse's talent for creating visual surprises makes one forget that most of the lyrics and music are vapid. For the audience that can afford $15 for an orchestra seat, that is probably sufficient gratification. If it receives anything of the show's "message," it is reassured in its complacency. *Pippin* is a hit.

I have mentioned "existentialism" above, and one might suppose that a show which raised the concept in my mind deserved some greater degree of respect. On the contrary, I am irritated. Even in a simple entertainment an idea must be substantiated by something genuinely felt and embodied in cognate terms—in a form, that is, which bespeaks the reality of the original impulse. Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, with their teasing of Victorian manners; Offenbach's musical harlequinades, with their sly mockery of the Third Empire in France, remain perennially fresh. That is true also of the captivating mordancy of Brecht-Weill's *The Threepenny Opera,* and to a lesser extent of the rosy American romanticism of Hammerstein and Kern's *Showboat.* The means employed in art must be organic with meaning; *they are the meaning.* When the tools of expression are merely an adornment we sense falsity and deception.

That goes for *Mother Earth* (Belasco Theatre) and *Lady Day,* a "musical tragedy" (Chelsea Theatre, Brooklyn Academy of Music), two offerings which should have captured my sympathy much more than they did.

Mother Earth, originally an intimate revue produced on the West Coast, purports to be the young generation's comment on the bespoiling of our environment. But most of it is couched in crude platitudes, and the kind of adolescent gesture one sees in certain parades of protest. The result is so inconsequential that we remain indifferent to the presumably serious motivation.

Lady Day is about the sorrowful fate of Billie Holiday. There is a disarming sincerity in Cecilia Norfleet's impersonation of Billie, but in most respects she is unequipped to make that tragic blues singer come alive. And the rest of the show, except for a fleeting moment here and there, is so utterly "second hand" that I was more disconcerted than moved.

Alice Childress' *Wedding Band* (Public/Newman Theatre) has an authenticity which, whatever its faults, makes it compelling both as script and performance. The locale is some place near Charleston, S.C., during the last days of World War I. The play tells of a frustrated love; one that has endured for ten years between a black woman, Julia Augustine, and Herman, a white man who is a baker of humble means. They have not been able to marry because such mixed unions were illegal at the time. They both hope to escape the trap of their existence by going North, but poverty prevents them.

The play's basic theme emerges from the portrayal not only of the bigoted opposition of Herman's family, with its vile Klan spirit, but just as saliently in the suspicion and fear with which the blacks confront the two lovers. Herman, on the verge of death during the influenza epidemic which raged at the time, proves his deep attachment to Julia by buying her a ticket to New York even as he lies helpless, still in the grip of his wretched family. She on the other hand, though convinced of his love and freedom from racial bias, despairs of overcoming the barriers between them.

There is an honest pathos in the telling of this simple story, and some humorous and touching thumbnail sketches reveal knowledge and understanding of the people dealt with. The fact that black and white interrelationships have somewhat changed since 1918 does not make the play less relevant to the present. Constitutional amendments and laws do not immediately alter people's emotions; the divisions and tensions which *Wedding Band* dramatizes still exist to a far more painful extent than most of us are willing to admit.

Evidence of this was furnished at the last preview of the play. A black man attempted to heckle the performance. What apparently provoked the outburst was his refusal to accept the sentimentality he found in the treatment of a close tie between a black and a white. He would not countenance it: he felt it an indignity, indeed an insult to the black race.

James Broderick as Herman conveys the character's inner rectitude and hurt with utmost simplicity and truthfulness. He really *listens* to his acting partners, something which cannot be said of many actors of greater acclaim. Ruby Dee too is affecting in her commitment to the man who has shown her deep regard

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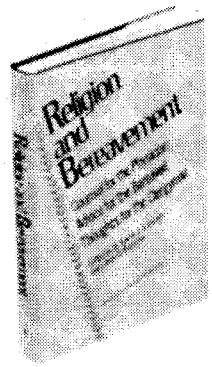

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and tenderness as well as in her tormented revulsion from him as part of the community which has victimized her people. Everyone in the cast is right. Special commendation should be accorded to Jean Davis as Herman's mother —a stupefied racist who would be totally abhorrent were it not for the reality of pain with which the actress endows the character. Polly Holliday, as Herman's maiden sister, shows considerable delicacy in communicating the wound of doubt within the girl's narrowness. Apart from the various players' individual abilities, commendation for the general excellence of the acting must go to the Charleston-born author in conjunction with Joseph Papp. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The ANTA-City Center modern dance "marathon," as management calls it, has not delivered a state of the union message, even though some twenty companies participated in it. Perhaps twenty companies (a couple of them actually soloists) are not enough to explain what modern dance is like these days; perhaps, too, that was not the intention of the producers. Maybe they simply picked groups that would be available at the time allotted: October 2 through November 11. One trend is obvious: the festival was weighted toward the more traditional companies. It was more a retrospective than a survey, let alone a showcase for new ideas. Another approach to programming would have been to engage the best, without paying heed to what is new, old or representative. The companies of Paul Taylor and Merce Cunningham were curiously absent. The Martha Graham group was appropriately called upon to dance, but for managerial and who knows what other reasons, it could not. The José Limon group was there but not with his best works—the dramatic *Moor's Pavane* or the pure dance *The Winged*—nor did his new ones measure up in either category. One of America's most beautiful dancers, Carmen de Lavallade, put in an appearance, but her solo did no justice to the dancer or her personality. As of this writing, four weeks into the six-week stand, there has not been one new ballet of enough distinction to make the whole affair memorable. That is too bad, but when one counts up the number of choreographers so far involved (eleven), it is downright depressing.

Each program has featured at least two groups. The one composed of the Inner City Repertory Dance Company, the Cliff Keuter Dance Company and the Elizabeth Keen Company (October 23 to 25) was the most interesting because the two latter groups touch on important characteristics of contemporary modern dance. A decade or so ago modern dances still looked like Martha Graham or Doris Humphrey/Charles Weidman. Their shadows are still around and were most noticeable at this festival in the works of Mary Anthony and Yuriko (following Graham) and Limon and Pauline Koner (following Humphrey). Today, however, the giant is Merce Cunningham. His concerns totally pervade Keuter's *Gargoyle*. *Gargoyle* is what is called a pure dance work, but what puts it in the Cunningham tradition is that it is pure dance with a vengeance. You have to sit up in your seat and look hard, because there is no music and no flow in the dancing to carry you along. Instead of music there is sound (in *Gargoyle*, composed by Eleanor Hovda Gilbert). Instead of one movement leading you to the next, Keuter (and Cunningham) delight in stopping a movement short and letting it die, backtracking over it, or immediately sprouting another, unconnected movement. If a dancer shoots a leg up as though to swing it around in a circle, she may very well stop midway and, just to make the point that she is not "finishing" the movement, crook her elbow joint. The other elbow joint will stay in place, thus doing away with the idea that every action has a reaction. Dancers do not move up and down. They bend their knees and stay down, often when the momentum seems to necessitate a corresponding "up" movement. Not only is the dance pure, or independent, of narrative or musical impulse but of natural laws as well. Concepts such as grace are accordingly done away with. *Gargoyle* ends with Keuter sitting on the floor cross-legged. Another man pulls him by the arm in fits and starts and drags the ungainly bundle off stage. Curtain. The effect is funny, as is much of Keuter's choreography. It is also arresting, as most choreography is not.

The interesting thing is that the work of Yuriko, Anthony and Koner is boring because it looks just like its models and is not nearly as good. *Gargoyle* is not boring—although it looks

BEYOND THE WALL COVERED WITH MORNING GLORIES

I walked
past Love every day.
His name was that of a bird.
He was a surfer, skin diver, handsome man,
not very talkative.

I was dressed in the tongues of hibiscus,
trailing the moon,
like a small dog,
behind me;
lady of lemons & morning glories,
I owned only a mirror and a book of poems;
but I offered my hand
to a flamenco guitarist one day
to write down his music,
and found
only blood came out of my pen.

I sat waiting every day
by the wall to the sea;
Love walks past me sometimes
on his way to swim.
He is a silent man, one who does not understand words;
my lips are mirrors,
I am a singer
but splintered glass is on my tongue.
When I tell a story,
I leave out all
names.
Love has a bad memory.
He is an athlete.
I will not be his cheerleader.

Diane Wakoski

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like Cunningham and is not nearly as good—in part because Cunningham adheres in his roundabout way to certain aesthetic principles that, I think, will always be vital and necessary. His dances suggest other things; they make you feel. His dances are beautiful, even though it is sometimes hard to figure out how he can make beauty out of the ridiculous or the mundane. *Gargoyle* did not push the mind beyond what was actually seen and in its oddness was funny rather than beautiful. Yet its indebtedness to the model was not annoying. Keuter is a better choreographer than Yuriko and Anthony and perhaps Koner (I have seen little of her work), but one suspects that he must be better because Cunningham is a more fruitful guide than Graham. She created a specific vocabulary, one that would embody physically certain states of mind, mostly the turbulent kinds. Unless a student of Graham can invest those movements with the same degree of meaning and power, he's left with loaded but empty gesture.

Cunningham has shown that dance need not have any vocabulary. It does not require a melody, although it does need rhythm, orchestration and enough of a scheme to get one from the beginning to the end. It does not even need a proper ending, although few younger choreographers can resist some kind of punch line. Cunningham is more interested than is Graham in the possibilities of movement and sequence; he has gone deeper into dance than Graham, while Graham proved that dance can be as meaningful as the word. Perhaps Graham is more humanistic and perhaps it is just by virtue of genius that Cunningham offers more than the body at play, strange play. But a Cunningham student has the advantage of being given clay that is emphatically unmolded. It is impossible to imitate Cunningham, and it is impossible *not* to imitate Graham.

Keuter's *Sunday Papers* and Keen's *Poison Variations* go farther from vocabulary-laden dance in that they are made up of activities. In *Sunday Papers* their connection has the tenuousness of the surreal. The three participants bounce on tires, wrap themselves in blankets, blow up and break a paper bag and "act out" various renditions of the *Anniversary Waltz*. Moving limbs are no more than another activity. Keuter is very clever and does manage to make sensible chaos out of those drifting Sunday afternoons. Keen has a theme—that people are not as nice as they seem—which is expressed in gesture, mime and the manipulation of a group. There is a good deal of acrobatics. In *Sunday Papers* the activities are important only because they are done, as in some of Pinter's and Beckett's dialogue words are important only because they are said. All the grimaces, back flips and spatial arrangements of the dancers in *Poison Variations* are there literally to illustrate the theme. Keuter's is a surreal exercise and Keen's is a tight idea piece, but both are good examples of how expertly timed activities can be dances. Keuter owes much to the theatre of the absurd and Keen to the tradition of pantomime, but neither of them would now be making nondancing dances without the example of Cunningham, even though Cunningham himself has rarely gone as far as to let the idea of a dance or mode of expression take precedence over dancing. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

A management that can lure Leonard Bernstein into the pit of the Metropolitan Opera may be credited with good judgment (and, no doubt, good connections), but not necessarily with exceptional imagination: Mr. Bernstein is a known quantity, both musically and at the box office. A more telling indication of artistic taste and prescience, and a more significant factor in the quality of day-to-day operations, is the choice of the lower echelon of conductors, which has been conspicuously deficient at the house in recent years. To be sure, those of us who grew up musically during the 1940s, when an extraordinary crop of *émigré* conductors was in residence, have been spoiled ever since, but claims that good men are now very hard to find are somewhat belied by the work of some, if not all, of the conductors making Metropolitan debuts in recent weeks.

Peter Maag has already earned good notices for his direction of *Don Giovanni* (*The Nation*, October 16) and the justness of his pacing in *Die Zauberflöte* came as no surprise. Because of this opera's special reliance on a highly simplified musical idiom, in which effects of sheer euphony count heavily, the clarity of chording that Maag achieved was particularly valuable, and helped to offset a certain squareness in his treatment of Papageno's music. At least on the first night, a soloist would occasionally manage to part company with the pit, but Maag's skill at suppressing such mishaps further argued his right to be where he stood—more celebrated but operatically less experienced men have been caught flatfooted on the same podium by such not uncommon contretemps.

The cause of euphony was certainly

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aided by a strong cast: Stuart Burrows, a Tamino of remarkably mellifluous tone and absolutely secure, natural phrasing; Adriana Maliponte, a Pamina who always *gave* when it was called for (*Die Wahrheit!*; *Tamino mein!*), despite an early tendency to cover her sound; Hans Sotin, making his house debut as the smoothest, cleanest-sounding Sarastro heard here since Kipnis; and good work from such regulars as Theodore Uppman (Papageno) and Donald Gramm (High Priest). Edda Moser (Queen of the Night) sounded below her own best standards of intonation and focus; one wonders if this gifted singer is well-advised to alternate two such disparate parts as this and Donna Anna in close succession. Viewed from the upper part of the house, whence an intriguing ground cloth and mother-of-pearl-textured platform can be perceived, the Chagall sets seemed more satisfactory than in the past (from the usual press seats, one sees primarily, and monotonously, a series of Chagall paintings as back-cloths behind a relatively unvarying empty space); the play of color counted for much more than the artist's rather overworked imagery.

A second conductor with a well-formed idea of his task and the necessary technical qualifications to carry it out was Peter Herman Adler, who conducted *Un Ballo in Maschera* in such a way as to prove once again that Italian birth is not a necessary condition for good Verdi performance (we have in the past had ample demonstration that it is not at all a *sufficient* condition). In a performance notable for steady forward momentum and rhythmic force, Adler never pressed his soloists at inappropriate moments, yet maintained a firm line through each scene. Truly exceptional, too, was the work of Martina Arroyo, now clearly the finest American singer in this literature since Rosa Ponselle, commanding a stunning range of color and complete vocal control.

Henry Lewis, who came to conduct *Bohème* (and, it is rumored, will return to take over the late-season run of *Carmen*), also offered palpable credentials of skill and a very definite intention —albeit one that for much of the time seemed inappropriate to the work at hand. His leisurely approach to Puccini's score recalled the famous Beecham recording, although avoiding the saccharine indulgences of that particular confection; rather, it was something like the mind-boggling possibility of a Klemperer *Bohème*, not only in stateliness but also in clarity of detail and counterpoint. The trouble is that the score lacks sufficient substance to sustain its continuity under such conditions, and great gaping holes opened up between phrases, even at the most intense moments. Nevertheless, it was refreshing to hear some uncommon orchestral details (the trumpets in thirds moving against the tune at the start of *O soave fanciulla*, for example) that are usually obscured, and the orchestra responded by playing every note *con amore*. The production, dating from two decades ago, is now a matter of every-man-for-himself—the second act crowd scenes are visual shambles—but most of the singers were mannerly in their improvisations, and Richard Tucker, at something like three times the age of a proper Bohemian, gave an astounding demonstration of technical skill.

A return to the bad old days, unfortunately, was audible in the limp work of Carlo Felice Cillario, the season's fourth podium debut. *La Sonnambula* is hardly a strong work to begin with, but it does have to be conducted positively. Cillario not only followed the soloists; he often seemed to be following the chorus as well, so that the evening's only impetus came in the work of Renata Scotto (Amina) and Nicolai Gedda (Elvino). It would be hard to imagine a more personal, self-centered performance than the one Miss Scotto gave, and yet her complete conviction that this whole show was being put on for her benefit remained quite winning—she's that kind of singer, and sang well enough to bring it off. It's probably that kind of opera, too, and I realized that the trouble with *Sonnambula*'s libretto is not simply improbability—all Italian opera librettos are improbable—but that the situations resulting from the improbabilities don't carry any plausible emotional weight. Doubtless nobody in the world ever got into the mess that occupies the characters in, say, *Il Trovatore*; but if anybody did, they would have a right to get excited, and that is why we accept their concerns, if not their predicaments; on that level, *Sonnambula* fails. □

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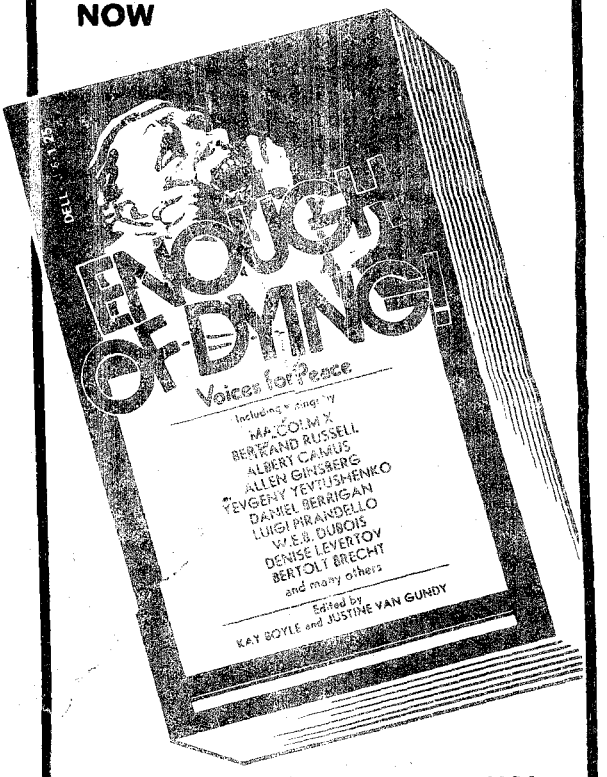

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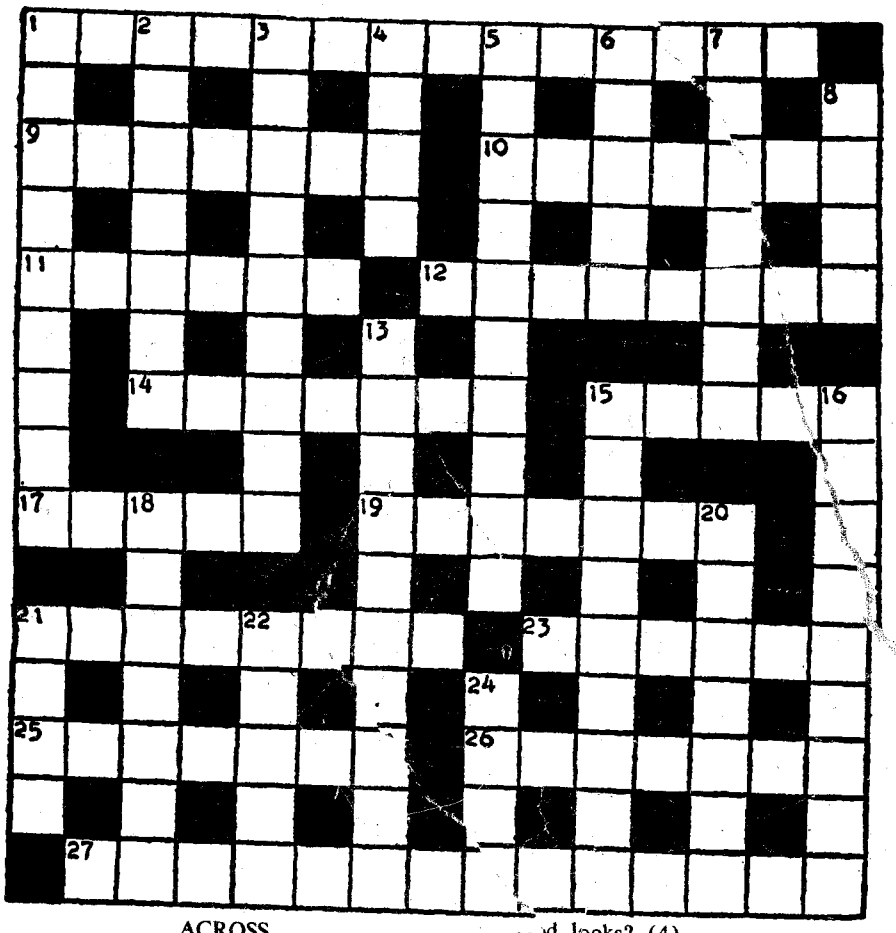

ACROSS

1 A cause of concern when considering underworld domination of the entertainment business? (5,9)
9 and 15 across Get some leeway, also climb on, if you want food and shelter. (4,3,5)
10 Far out. (7)
11 Nowadays we probably don't use tar for this. (6)
12 Causes to unite. (8)
14 And unites by stitching (7)
15 See 9 across
17 It might be added to a device. (5)
19 Many an Englishman considered one of them tender, though in America we might consider one Billy's counterpart. (7)
21 Turns the tap backward—and possibly in the soup! (8)
23 Scalp a Canadian? Real wool there! (6)
25 Men confused in the Continent might blame it on this! (7)
26 Prepared to gather in books about to expire. (7)
27 Descriptive of the kind which at no expense should prove far from utilitarian. (4-3-7)

DOWN

1 As a rule, James is disorderly in the city. (9)
2 Said to be tickled by the player. (7)
3 Well-known number—implying no crowd at about 4 o'clock, perhaps. (3,3,3)
4 Adjective associated with height and good looks? (4)
5 Indulging in the practice of jogging, walking, etc. (10)
6 Played in the wood section, despite the presence of horns. (Reeds also associated with his music.) (5)
7 What a slug has, reputedly. (7)
8 and 21 down Orwell's language at the height of the 7 o'clock broadcast, perhaps. (8)
13 May not be upright, but could make pain no drag! (5,5)
15 It's exceedingly smart to show off a diamond! (9)
16 Frankfurter Alsatian meeting might have such a result, however harsh the philosophy. (3-3-3)
18 In toto, what might go with neither is brought up in the city. (7)
20 In which one might speak out and wish Ali to be upset. (7)
21 See 8 down
22 Rostand's hero was long this! (5)
24 An expression of amusement when 13 is badly written, but not on a pad. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1462

ACROSS: 1 Highfalutin; 9 Mash; 11 Glee; 12 Freeway; 13 Preempt; 15 Stomachs; 16 Orphic; 18 Saints; 21 Injuries; 24 Aspires; 26 Ammonia; 29, 10 and 28 Three Blind Mice; 30 Apex; 31 Established. DOWN: 2 Ichneumon; 3 Hebraic; 4 Axis; 5 Undergo; 6 Ingle; 7 Parrot; 8 Delphi; 14 Astir, 17 Perforate; 19 Assail; 20 Spectra; 22 Jumpers; 23 Elided; 25 Ideas; 27 Oral.

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